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REVIEWS

The Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By the Rev. Charles Webb le Bas, M.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

WE cannot but believe that circumstances have been singularly unfortunate for the just fame of Bishop Middleton. The great interest which was felt by the Christian world, in all that related to India, has been satisfied by the abundant information gathered from the papers and letters of his successor; and the reputation of Heber has led the world unjustly to overlook the virtues and the talent of Middleton. Middleton was the better scholar, the more learned theologian, the stronger reasoner; he had altogether the more masculine understanding;—but there was an amiability of temper, a simplicity of heart and manner about Heber, that have made his memory more cherished than that of any man of his time. To the one, we should have doffed our hats, and looked up with reverence: the other, we should have met with smiles and gladness; and if we deferred to all he uttered, it would not have been so much to his intellectual superiority, though that admitted of no question, as to the integrity and singleness of his whole heart and mind. We might have differed from the one, and questioned his judgment; we could not from the other, without suspicion of our own. Middleton might win our admiration—Heber our love. Middleton rose from an obscure curacy through progressive stages; and his high office seemed but the summit of his ambition: whereas Heber, born to a fortune, put on his robes trembling with humility, and embarked on his far-distant ministry with the self-devotion of a missionary and a martyr. The Life of Middleton is of a sensible, informed, good man, who had his reward: the reward of Heber was not of this world.

To overcome this feeling, the biographer of Middleton has done what he could; but his work, after all, will be read as a duty rather than a pleasure—by the scholar and the churchman rather than the public.

There is nothing in the earlier part of his narrative—nothing that precedes the appointment of Dr. Middleton to the see of Calcutta, that at all distinguishes the biography from that of hundreds of others. The son of a poor clergyman, educated at Christ Hospital, Middleton passed through the University with credit, but without distinction—entered upon a curacy—was appointed tutor to the sons of the Bishop of Lincoln—was rewarded with a rectory—published a work on the Greek Article—and, in 1813, when the renewal of the East India Company's Charter came under consideration, we find

him Vicar of Pancras, with other church preferment, the deserved reputation of a scholar, and a sound orthodox churchman.

The proposed renewal of the Charter gave to the friends of religion an opportunity of awakening attention, and urging, on the legislature and the people, the moral responsibilities of England towards the countless myriads who were under her subjection in the eastern world. Not, indeed, that the British legislature had been wholly insensible to, or neglectful of this duty, but circumstances had combined to leave its wise provisions nothing more than words and waste parchment.† The shifting policy and varying fortune of our Eastern government—the defeats of one year, and the triumphs of another—the bustle of trade and the din of war—left little leisure for the quiet spread of knowledge and religion; and few thought of planting vines for unborn generations, when fire and sword and desolation might, before the harvest, sweep over the face of the whole country, to their own ruin and extermination.

When, however, in 1814, the Company's Charter was to be renewed, the territorial extent of our Indian possessions was more defined, the government more stable; and the legislature were made to feel, that it was not sufficient merely to direct what ought to be done, but that they must themselves provide for the spiritual and moral improvement of the people; and, accordingly, the new act created the whole territories of the Company into a diocese, with a resident Archdeacon in each of its three presidencies—a provision wholly and absurdly insufficient, but still welcomed with congratulations.

Dr. Middleton was appointed Bishop. How far the appointment was judicious, may be questioned. His biographer is of opinion, that, however admirably Heber was qualified to carry forward the great work, Middleton was better to lay the foundation-stone. Admitting fully the integrity and the ability of the latter, we must confess our doubts. Middleton was, in the more enlarged understanding of the word, a high churchman. It is admitted by all, that he was reserved in his manner; and we do not see how it qualifies the admission, to say that he thought this cold dignity becoming his high office, and that it was not mere personal hauteur: his biographer is of opinion that his influence was weakened by it. The mind, too, of the man had been trained and disciplined among scholars, rather than in society at large:—"among his severest sacrifices in

India, he used to reckon the loss of that sort of conversation, which is enlivened by the brisk and frequent interchange of classical application and allusion," (vol. ii. p. 330.)—a game of crambo—the wit and sport of common halls and combination rooms: it proves nothing, perhaps, but is characteristic of the man's mind and early habits. It is certainly no proof of qualifications for the arduous and unknown difficulties of the special bishopric to which he was appointed. We should anticipate that such a man would be full of formalities, and regardful of all customary observances; well enough and becoming in an established church, but to be passed by with grace, though not with indifference, in a country where Christian congregations existed that had seen no clergyman for years; where Christians were living, and Christian ordinances almost unknown; where expedients were often to be the best resources, and men were to do what they could and avail themselves of what means they had, rather than pine for what they wanted. Accordingly, we find him observing, even at Madeira, where he preached to the Factory, "that they have not any church, but only a room, with seats for the ladies, and a sort of desk for the clergyman. I rather hesitated at first about preaching in such a place; but I recollected that the bishops in England preach in proprietary chapels, which are not a whit better, and have less excuse"—as if any excuse or authority could be wanting. So, on landing, his reception "was anything but what it ought to have been;" that is to say, he was received without pomp, lest it should alarm the superstitious prejudices of the natives. He could accomplish more, notwithstanding all difficulties, "if it had not been the policy to prevent the Bishop from having his proper consequence," (i. p. 176.)—meaning, it will scarcely be believed, that the Chief Justice, by the law-patent, had precedence of him. He could not undertake the office of Provost of the College at Fort William, to which the government wished to appoint him, because the "students were either dispersed about Calcutta, or residing together in the most populous parts of the city, and not distinguished either by academical dress, by the use of a common hall, by attendance on divine service, by the observance of stated hours," &c. (i. p. 124.): all proving, indeed, a strange want of discipline, and therefore the greater want of some superior, who, by the wisdom of his council and the authority of his rank, might introduce reformation and order. We find, too, that while oppressed with "a load of duties to which no single mind or body could long be equal, aggravated as they were by the multiplied impediments incident to the novelty of his office, and to the peculiar circumstances of the church in which he was called to execute it" (ii. 316.)—we find him

† "The following extract from an official document, issued under the Bengal government in 1817, affords a curious but melancholy illustration of the state of things:—The Commander-in-chief has directed a riding-school to be included in the estimates for public buildings at Meerut, upon the scale of the riding-schools at Chazeepoor and Cawnpore, for the double purpose of a place of worship and a riding-school!"

adding to the labour by memorials about the "church at Trichinopoly having neither steeple nor cupola, nor, in any respect, the visible character of a church"—suggesting that "a cupola large enough to contain a bell" be added to the church at Canamore (i. 253.)—writing to the Archdeacon, and advising that a weathercock be substituted for a cross on the church at Surat (i. 120); that care be taken that "every chapel have at least a cupola with a bell, and every church a spire or tower." Even his biographer thinks it possible that the English public may smile at the stress laid, in directions to the Archdeacon, "on the chapel being placed with the altar to the east," repeated three years afterwards, with a request that the architect should take care that the chapel "be built in the proper direction, east and west, so that the altar be eastward." We, however, do not smile, because Bishop Middleton was a zealous and devoted man, and acted in all sincerity; but it leads us to believe that he was better qualified for an established bishopric at home, than for the all but missionary duties of the bishopric of Calcutta.

However, we must now to the work before us. It will be found, we fear, more valuable than entertaining, and is certainly not suited for the general reader. By far the greater part of it is taken up with the dull details; still it is always instructive; and the brief history of the Protestant Missions, of the Indian church, and of the condition of the church on the Bishop's arrival, is so far interesting. The history of the Bishop's visitations are widely different from the delightful narrative of Heber's Journal. His letters, too, although numerous, are most frequently addressed to official persons—some few to personal friends; and the kind affection of the man breathes into these a life and interest—as in the following:—

"I received your letter of the 3d of November in the morning, and that of the 9th of December in the afternoon: so that I could hardly help believing that I was at the White Cottage talking over domestic matters and future projects. At this distance from home, and surrounded, as we are here, by such different associations, a letter which reminds one of former scenes, seems at once to transport one to the spot: for a while I forget India, and am in England.

"I often reflect with wonder on the ways of Providence, when I consider my own extraordinary life. But four years since I quitted my peaceful retreat on the banks of Nen, where any small degree of energy natural to me was nearly laid to rest, and I never read the service at the altar of Tansor Church without the thought coming across me that I was standing on the spot where my remains would probably repose; my sphere of duty was very humble, and the improvement which honest farmer Cave used to declare he derived from my sermons, was the most valuable reward of my labours. The turbulence of St. Pancras, and the bustle and the business of London succeeded; and, though apparently but little came of the attempt, it was, I perceive, a most important link in the chain of my life. It roused me into activity; it gave me habits of business; it made me better acquainted with the world; and it introduced me to the notice of people whom otherwise I could never have known, and who will endeavour, as far as they can, to preserve me from oblivion at home. You will, perhaps, catch at that phrase: but it is the term here used for England; and

the return to it is the object which everybody keeps in view, though few attain it. For my own part, advanced as I am in life, I cannot wholly dismiss it from my thoughts: I cannot divest myself of what you once called 'a talent for painting'; and no picture is so delightful to my imagination, as the idea of revisiting my native land after an absence of ten or twelve years, which should deserve to be recorded as the era of moral and religious improvement in India: and, if Providence only grant me health, I think that I should not despair of the rest.

"My residence here serves but to show me how little and how wretched is everything around me compared with what exists in England. Before I can lose a particle of my interest in England, I must learn to think that I have hitherto set too high a value on religion, literature, liberty, the arts, the common conveniences, and even the charities of life; for here they all feel the climate.

"You tell me of your delicious tour; six cathedrals in twelve days! In that short time, I verily believe, you saw more, which is capable of conveying delight to taste and benevolence, than twelve months' travelling would have shown you in India. As to architecture, I do not expect to see here anything approaching to Winchester cathedral. I have not yet seen the great mosque at Delhi, nor the Mausoleum at Agra; but I have a pretty good idea of them: as to the Hindoo architecture, I have seen all of any note, and it is barbarous. The Mussulman is no doubt far superior: a mosque is seldom ugly; but I am not aware that any mosque in the world at all approaches in point of size to the English cathedrals." i. 163; 484.

Nothing, too, can be finer than the out-breakings of the lonely spirit, which he deeply felt, and which at times weighed heavily upon him. There seems to have been no accident of fortune he dreaded so fearfully as the possibility of outliving his wife:—

"Mrs. Middleton, you will be pleased to hear, is still very well; though like myself, she grows old. She is, however, nearly all that I have to rest upon in India; *præceptis omnium consiliorum, et pro viribus, adjutrix*.

"It is, this day, just eight years, since I embarked at Portsmouth; when poor archdeacon Thomas assisted Mrs. Middleton into the boat, and was, of course, the last of my acquaintance whom I saw in England. It was exceedingly improbable that we should ever meet again; and perhaps, all things considered, it was hardly to be expected, though he was the older man, that I should be the survivor. But so the Almighty has ordained it. I sometimes wonder at the manner in which, amid the continual havoc around me, I have been preserved, and my wife also, without whom, in solitude and destitution, I should be as nothing!" ii. 305—8.

The following are a few scattered notices the most likely to interest the general reader:

"The most interesting occurrence at this visitation, was the ordination of Mr. Arnour. This extraordinary man came out to Ceylon originally as a private soldier; but subsequently he took upon himself almost the work of an evangelist among the natives, who maintained a mere nominal profession of Christianity, always conducting his ministrations in strict conformity with the services and doctrines of the Established Church. For this purpose he had completely mastered the difficulties of the Cingalese language, in which he was able to address the natives with fluency and precision. He had also attained the familiar use of Dutch and Portuguese. To these acquirements he added a tolerable acquaintance with Latin, and some knowledge of Greek. The Baptists, and other

dissenters, had frequently and urgently invited him to join their communion. He had always firmly declined their proposals. His heart's desire was that, at some time, he might be thought worthy to be received as an ordained missionary in our Church. He laid his journal before Bishop Middleton, confessing, at the same time, with deep humility, that his ministerial labours had been hitherto without sanction or commission. He trusted, however, that this irregularity would not be very heavily imputed to him as presumptuous: since his ministry had been exercised among thousands who must otherwise have been left wholly destitute of all religious instruction or pastoral care. The Bishop listened to his story with the profoundest interest, and even compared his labours, sufferings, and privations with those of Paul; for, assuredly, like the Great Apostle, he was in *journeys often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in deaths often, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often*,—besides that which daily pressed upon his heart, the care of thousands, who were to be sought in rugged forests and pestilential jungles. After a close examination into his religious views, and his personal character, the Bishop was fully satisfied. It was evident that he was a sound churchman, and a most exemplary and pious man. His whole soul was devoted to the service of God, and his truly Christian demeanour had won for him the cordial esteem of all ranks of men. The Bishop therefore felt that there could be no reasonable objection to compliance with his earnest wishes, and, without further hesitation, ordained him deacon." ii. 211—13.

"Since the date of the beginning of this letter we have had most awful weather; one night of terrific crashes of thunder, and of lightning a continued blaze; and at the mouth of the Great Ganges, Burhampootra, two hundred miles to the eastward, an inundation, occasioned by a hurricane from the south, which prevented the waters from falling into the sea, has swept away many thousands of the inhabitants, with their cattle, grain, agricultural implements, &c., in one wide desolation. In one place 1000 souls perished. The whole loss is not yet ascertained: but it must be immense in a district which is low and perfectly level, and where the only means of escape must have been by getting into boats, or by clinging to fragments of floating trees. For most of the trees are swept away, and not a hut remains. The government immediately sent off orders for the relief of the survivors; and a subscription is going on here for the same purpose. But it is feared that many will perish with cold and hunger, before any supplies can arrive. I observe in the papers accounts of extraordinary floods in England; but you know nothing of those wars of the elements which take place in these tropical climates." ii. 314—15.

We do not remember to have read before, the following affecting anecdote of the death of that almost apostolical man, Swartz the Missionary:—

"He was lying apparently lifeless, when Gerické, a worthy fellow-labourer in the service of the same Society, who imagined that the immortal spirit had actually taken its flight, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the favourite hymn, which used to soothe and elevate him in his lifetime. The verses were finished without a sign of sympathy or recognition from the still form before him: but when the last close was over, the voice, which was supposed to be hushed in death, took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with distinct and articulate utterance, and then was heard no more." i. 219.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair; with Reminiscences of the most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain and in Foreign Countries during the last Fifty Years.

Sir John resides in Scotland, and this has enabled the Edinburgh Literary Journal to get hold of part of his work not only before publication, but before the printing of it is quite finished. In the same spirit and for the same reasons which have heretofore induced our able contemporary to extract an article from our pages, we had intended returning the compliment, (for such we acknowledge it to be,) and to have taken the whole of the extracts for the gratification of our readers, reserving our critical opinion of the work until after publication: but, in truth, even the extracts given sadly want weeding. Sir John, with a good deal of tact, was always a wordy and voluminous writer, and he seems, on this occasion, judging from the sample, to have poured out all his half-century of tediousness, his recollections and collections, in most wearisome profusion; some of the anecdotes are stale even to absurdity, such as Lord North and the nameless member, which has been told a hundred times of Wilkes and his reform speech; and as to the history of Darby O'Sullivan, it is just another version of the admirable tale in Quevedo, or Lazarillo de Tormes, which, however, is not "sufficiently authenticated," nor does it pretend to be. Yet, notwithstanding our disappointment, we had intended to have transferred into our pages a romantic tale about Wyndham, when on a tour in the Highlands with Burke, falling in love with the daughter of the Baron Maclaren—of Lord Melville's interest in this story, in consequence, it appeared, of a romantic scene he once had with the said Baron's daughter, and the appointment he obtained for Dr. Dick (her husband) in India, who having made a fortune there, returned to his native place and purchased the estate of Tullimet: but we are obliged to break up the type, and Sir John must therefore excuse us if we are a little angry, for it turns out that the Baron's daughter was married and in India at the time Wyndham visited the Highlands, that Lord Melville did not procure an appointment for Dr. Dick, her husband, and that the latter did not make a fortune that enabled him to purchase Tullimet, for he succeeded to it by inheritance. Sir John, in the last Journal received, says, he is now assured it was "another lady." We are not disposed to quarrel about trifles, but there are many particulars in the narrative that can apply to no other lady. Wyndham could not well, and Lord Melville could not possibly have been mistaken in the party, and therefore, we think, the whole story had better be given up at once; at any rate, we have broken up our type, and shall wait for the volume before we quote from it; but seeing that the work is flourishing away in preliminary advertisements, and fearing that, like the 'Siamese Twins,' it will be twice commended in the publisher's own Gazette before we are permitted to peep into it, we think it well to cry "ware hawk!"

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA, XII. XIII.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vols. I. II. London, Longmans.

THE word "history," in the literature of the present day, means nothing more than a narrative of political events; and if these are stated clearly and fairly, and with some attention to chronological order, the reader is satisfied. Formerly, the doer of such things would have been called a compiler, and take his station with such personages as Alexander Ross: now he is a historian, and pairs off with Hume and Gibbon. Whether the arrangement may be favourable or unfavourable to literature, we leave to the sagacity of the learned; but assuredly an author, under the new regime, is much to be pitied. Comparisons, saith the wisdom of the old time, are odious.

The very meanness, however, of the office of a fashionable historian, and the paltry nature of the attainments which he is expected to possess, render the task of criticism much easier; and, at a time when every newspaper-hack exhibits knowledge, industry, and talent, sufficient to have set up a score of compilers in the last century, a "history" really forms a kind of holiday recreation for the reviewer.

The one before us, we sincerely regret (on more accounts than one,) to be obliged to say, is an exception to the rule. We have not yet arrived at the middle of the first volume, but our note-paper presents so formidable an aspect, that, before proceeding further, we must select at least a portion of its contents, and then inquire what elbow-room we have left.

Up to this part of the work, the author professes to give only a bare outline of history, reserving his severer lucubrations for more interesting epochs; and thus far, therefore, setting taste and talent altogether aside, we expect a correct and perspicuous statement of the more important facts. To furnish this, would be a very easy matter for any man possessed of the arts of reading and writing. We have no good history of France, it is true; but we have abundance of elementary pieces, in all degrees of compression—from Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' in three volumes, down to Mr. Leitch Ritchie's summaries in the 'Romance of French History,' in one or two dozen pages. There is besides the little 'Résumé' of Bodin, which is worth the two books we have mentioned put together; and which forms a key to the subject that may be used by any man, whether a professional locksmith or not.

Mr. Crowe, unfortunately, has either made use of an abridgment which we never saw—and which we hope we never shall see—or he has floundered alone in the original chaos of history, and come forth, blind, giddy, and confused. His recollection is indistinct. Occupied, in the novelty of his situation, with trifles, things of real importance escaped his notice. It would require the next two volumes of the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' to contain a commentary on his portentous tale; but as we have no influence either with Messrs. Longman & Co., or Dr. Dionysius, we must note down in this small space, such trifles as will not seduce us into dry dissertation.

Clovis, says our author, (page 5,) was styled "Most Christian King," and the title, he adds, "has been worn by his successors

to the present day." It is generally understood that Louis XI., that monster of blood, was the first French prince who assumed the style of "Most Christian King."

"How could Christianity," says Mr. Crowe, (page 6,) "be made conducive to such crimes? By being coupled with the corrupt doctrines of personal confession and absolution, which, by superseding the voice of conscience, took away all natural obstacles to crime, and held forth, in a barbarous age, the certain prospect of impunity." Confession, however, at this time, and for five or six centuries after, was confined to the priests, who confessed to one another. It was not till towards the end of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth century, that the practice became general among the laity.

"Rollo," we are told, in the year 911, "besieged Paris and Chartres: the word marks the progress that fortifications, and what is more important, the defence of them, had made; for formerly the Danes penetrated into every town without resistance." (p. 82.) In 886, notwithstanding—and we trust Mr. Crowe will be grateful for the information—Paris was besieged for two years by the Danes. The gallant defence of the city by Eudes, Count of Paris, (supposed to be an ancestor of the Bourbons,) procured him afterwards the Crown. Notwithstanding the two years siege, Mr. Crowe will be surprised to hear, it is still a matter of dispute among the learned, whether Paris was at that time fortified or not. To explain this, it is necessary to mention that the city was not divided by the Seine, as it now is, but surrounded by it; and the water, some writers suppose, was the only fortification it possessed. This opinion, we ourselves think, is erroneous, for the force of the northmen was embarked on boats, which, from their number, might have completely surrounded the island city.

In page 36, we find with surprise, that "to Peter the Hermit, is attributed the honour of the first crusade,"—which is afterwards styled "a chivalrous war," &c. &c. It is a gallant thing in our historian to step forward in defence of these absurd atrocities. He has the honour, we rather think, of being alone in these degenerate days.

In pages 39–41, we find a high eulogium on Louis le Gros, for doing what circumstances compelled him to do. The reign of this prince was a continual struggle with his barons, who set him at defiance. The inhabitants of towns, either taking advantage of the confusion, or goaded into action by the tyranny of the nobles, rose in a body and put themselves in defence. The King, of course, was overjoyed at the unexpected appearance of allies; and the rather so, that they were willing to pay for the municipal rights which put it into their power to support one tyrant against many.

The reign of Philip Augustus commenced with the most remarkable and characteristic event of that period, the robbery and banishment of the Jews. The whole commerce of the kingdom was in the hands of these people; and their sudden and disastrous fall changed the whole moral aspect of the country, and stopped the progress of civilization. This event is not alluded to by Mr. Crowe.

The same prince is represented (p. 51) as being "checked in his projects by the court of Rome, who laid an interdict upon him," (upon the kingdom) "on account of his di-

voiced from Ingeburga of Denmark." Philip, on the contrary, had the singular good sense to laugh at the interdict, and he boldly retaliated by seizing the temporalities of the bishops. Mr. Crowe, however, shows a laudable desire to record the deeds of Philip, down even to the pavement of Paris; but he forgets to add, that he was the first French sovereign who had an army of paid soldiers, and thus struck an important blow at feudality.

Page 54. "The troubadours," we are told, "stood forth as the assertors and avengers of common sense"! and, under the date 1204, Dante and Petrarch are cited, as affording samples of their spirit!

Of Louis IX., "the same rigid principles and sentiments, imbibed in childhood, continued to regulate his acts and life, and obtained for him the title of St. Louis." His grandson obtained it for him from Boniface VIII., as one of the terms of a pacification with that Pope. The virtues of Louis were all opposed to religion, such as it then existed. He was an enemy to the despotism of the tiara and the greediness of the clergy, and he was the author of the Pragmatic Sanction. These things, alone, were enough to have excluded him from any heaven of which the descendants of St. Peter kept the key. He had *vices* enough, however, to serve as an excuse for admitting him into the calendar of saints, when that step became otherwise prudent: he was a crusader.

Our historian tells us that the reign of Louis Hutin is "almost unmarked by events," and he accordingly dismisses it in a few sentences. It is singular, that these sentences do not in the most distant manner, allude to the memorable enfranchisement of the serfs, begun in the year 1315 by the king, and continued gradually by the nobles. Liberty, however, as in the case of the bourgeois, was *sold* to them; and such was the state of degradation in which the human mind was plunged, that many chose to remain in slavery, finding the price of freedom higher than the article was worth. Servage, in fact, was not entirely abolished till our own times. Louis XVIII. had the honour of enfranchising the last of the serfs of *mainmorte*, at Saint Claude in Franche-Comté, and it is worthy of remark that these belonged to the clergy.

We may notice, in passing, that the recall of the Jews in this reign, is no more mentioned than was their banishment under that of Philip Augustus.

Page 91. "The circumstances attending the succession of Philip the Long are the only important ones of his reign." The exclusion of bishops from parliament, therefore, was, in Mr. Crowe's opinion, an "unimportant circumstance"!—and so was the disarming the bourgeois! The latter step was taken under pretext of abolishing completely the practice of private wars; but in reality it laid the people at the mercy of the kings, of whom they had been formerly the allies, and paved the way for absolute monarchy.—But our readers by this time, we fear, will think that we are trifling with them. The book is, indeed, in every respect, so contemptible, that we cannot help repining at the necessity which condemns us to notice it at all.

If the author, however, is ignorant of history, he is equally ignorant of the art of composition, and, in fact, in many cases, of the very words of the English language: witness,

"embracing of christianity,"—"cholorous," &c.—"The Count had married, &c., and hence *esteemed* that he had a claim upon his generosity."—"For upwards of two years he maintained himself." This was a very proper thing, the reader will say, for a king to do—and very unusual to boot: but Mr. Crowe means, that he *maintained his ground*, as the vulgar would express themselves.

"Mutual hatred," he says, "betwixt the nobles and peasants was at this time general in France. The latter enjoyed their feudal superiority, &c." Surely the printer's devil was asleep when he read this sentence! Mr. Crowe, it will be believed, seldom refers to his authorities; but sometimes he is more communicative. In talking of Prince Arthur, he stops suddenly:—"All acquainted with the pages of —, know too well the young prince's fate." Guess, reader, to whom the historian of France refers us for the information which it is the province of history to give. To Shakspeare.

We would fain excuse Dr. Dionysius—who is a sort of pet of ours—as far as possible, but alas! he must have read the proofs; and if he did so without correcting the blunders, even of composition, with which the work abounds, he must be found guilty, notwithstanding all our influence, either of ignorance or dishonesty. But hold—there is yet a way of getting him off. May it not be that, like the other respectable individuals who have lent their names to the prospectus, Dr. Dionysius has merely lent his to the title-page!

In justice, or in mercy, to author, editor, and publisher, we conclude this article by quoting an opinion of the work diametrically opposite to our own. When we say that it is the opinion of the *Literary Gazette*, we trust that none of our readers will be so impertinent as to remember, that Messrs. Longman & Co. are proprietors both of that honest, manly, and independent journal, and the work in question:—"He who reads this work will have an accurate view of the course of events: he will have, as it were, a map of history before him. * * * To the young it will be invaluable; and the reader, who requires reflection as well as information, may well study these annals for the deep reflection which Mr. Crowe has evidently embodied in them." Perhaps, however, we do not differ far from the Booksellers' Gazette in its concluding dictum:—"The first two volumes of the History of France are among the very best THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA HAS YET PUT FORTH."

THE FAMILY LIBRARY. No. XIX.

Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. IV.

[Second Notice.]

WILLIAM of Wykeham terminated his long and useful career on the 27th of September, 1404, in the 80th year of his age. His actions as a prelate, and his character as a man, are dwelt upon by our author with all the commendation which they most justly deserve, whilst his attainments as an architect, and the primitive means by which he was compelled to work, are happily and amusingly portrayed.

The next biography in succession is that of Inigo Jones, of whom Horace Walpole has said, that "were a table to be formed for

men of real and undisputed genius in every country, this name alone would save England from the reproach of not having her representative among the arts." The principal and only certain particulars of Inigo's history are, that he was born in 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, the son of a wealthy and reputable cloth-worker; that he was the unhappy subject of some of Ben Jonson's most cutting satires; that he travelled and studied in Italy and France, and "resided at Venice many years," when his name became "famous in remote parts;" that he possessed considerable taste for landscape painting as well as for architecture, which is abundantly proved, according to Lord Orford, "by a small piece of his preserved at Chiswick;" that, on the strength of his reputation, he was invited to Denmark by Christian IV. and appointed architect to his Majesty sometime, it seems probable, about the year 1604, though none of his designs can be decidedly traced to that country; and that he returned to England in 1605 or 6, where he was soon appointed architect to Queen Anne and to Prince Henry, and designer, in conjunction with Ben Jonson, of the court pageantries and masques, then so extremely popular in the royal household.

"The times (says Mr. Cunningham) were ripe for the appearance of such a genius as Inigo. The stately Gothic architecture had fallen into discredit from the era of the Reformation; it was looked upon as a thing polluted by the superstitions of Rome—and was moreover too costly for a church which had been much impoverished as well as purified. The Tudor architecture, (as it is usually called,) which had been gradually becoming predominant in England, has been regarded as the illegitimate offspring of the Grecian and Gothic, and it certainly has a little of either character; inferior in elegance to the one, and in magnificence to the other, but more than uniting the domestic accommodations of both. In truth, it had its rise in the increasing wants and daily demand for comforts which civilization made; it was admirably adapted for fire-side and festive enjoyments; and combined—for the times were yet unsettled—security with convenience. In the interior there was abundance of accommodation—splendid halls, tapestried chambers, armouries, refectories, kitchens made to the scale of roasting an ox with a pudding in his belly, concealed closets, and darker places of abode; and it must be confessed that, externally, the whole was imposing. No rule, indeed, was followed, no plan formally obeyed; each proprietor seemed to do in building what was right in his own eyes, and a baron's residence resembled some of those romances in which the episodes oppress the narrative—for the members were frequently too cumbersome for the body. But the general effect was highly picturesque, and amid all the wildness and oddity of the Tudor architecture, it was wonderfully well adapted to its purpose—with all its strangeness it was not strange. The baron's picturesque hall seemed the offspring of the soil, and in harmony with the accompaniments. The hill, the river, the groves, the rocks, and the residence, seemed all to have risen into existence at once. Tower was heaped upon tower; there was a wilderness of pinnacles and crenelated peaks—jealous windows barred and doubly barred with iron—passages which led to nothing—ridges of roofs as sharp as knives, on which no snow could lie—projection overlooking projection, to throw the rain from the face of the wall, and casements where ladies might air their charms, perched so high that birds only could approach them. Skelton, then,

might well describe the magnates of the Tudor era as

Building royallie
Their mansions curiously,
With turrets and with towres;
With halls and with bowres,
Stretching to the starres;
With glass windows and barres;
Hanging about their walles
Clothes of golde and palles,
Arras of riche arraye,
Fresh as flowres in Maye.

The Tudors had just been succeeded by the Stuarts, and such was the general state of our national architecture, when the great establishers of the classic taste among us returned to England in 1605.

"We must not, however, suppose that to him alone the honour is due of having at once introduced a love and knowledge of classic architecture in our island. From the time of the decline of the Gothic, our acquaintance had commenced with the pure models of Greece and Rome; the diffusion of learning, consequent on the discovery of printing; the visits which many of our noblemen and gentlemen paid to Italy—and the encouragement extended to Italian architects by Henry the Eighth,—all conducted to render classic designs popular. But the Reformation only took place in part; like the dame in Pope, who was a sad good Christian at heart, though a heathen elsewhere—our sturdy English prejudices made us cling to our old style, and the innovators were glad to compound by mingling Grecian with Gothic, and both with the grotesque designs of the Tudors." p. 80—83.

Few of Jones's numerous works now remain exactly as he left them, but have either fallen into decay, and been replaced by others, "or are concealed and encumbered with the additions of inferior artists." The extent of his genius can only be sufficiently estimated in our times, by referring to his designs, published by Kent, under the patronage of Lord Burlington.

Inigo died in the year 1653, after having suffered most severely, both in person and purse, from the enmity of the parliamentary party in the great civil war.

The mantle of his genius, however, descended upon Sir Christopher Wren, who was born in 1631 or 2, of a good family in Warwickshire. He was a pupil of the famous Dr. Busby, and was subsequently removed from under the charge of that emperor of pedagogues to Wadham College, Oxford, where he immediately distinguished himself by his acquirements, after a manner so extraordinary, that even the prudent John Evelyn describes him as a "miracle of a youth," and "a rare early prodigy of universal science."—"His mind," says our author, "was an extraordinary mixture of the speculative and the practical; and it is truly wonderful with what enthusiasm he pursued, and with what calmness he discussed, when a youth of sixteen, questions deeply founded in geometry, astronomy, and pure mathematics." (p. 152-3.) He, accordingly, became one of the most assiduous and inventive in that small but indefatigable scientific coterie, from whose private meetings and researches our Royal Society took its origin, and who, calmly pursuing the path of knowledge even in the midst of national convulsion and anarchy, by their peaceful labours and discoveries, all tending to benefit their race, exhibited a delightful and romantic contrast to the turbulence and unprofitable enthusiasm of their age. Wren was appointed, about this period, to the Professorship of Astronomy in Gresham College, and

"assisted in perfecting, if he did not invent, the barometer. Derham, who gives an account of the philosophical experiments of Hooke, the controversial contemporary of Newton, says, that the barometer was invented by Torricelli, the pupil of Galileo, in 1643; yet the real use of it, he observes, and the fact that it was the gravitation of the atmosphere which raised up the quicksilver, which Torricelli and the learned abroad had only before suspected, were first proved by Boyle, through a course of experiments suggested by Wren." (p. 159.)

Sir Christopher Wren appears to have been in his 28th year, at the least, before he began in practical earnest to apply his attention to the study of architecture; and in 1661 "he was summoned from Oxford to Whitehall, to assist Sir John Denham, the poet, in the public works contemplated by his Majesty." He remained unemployed, however, until 1663, in which year he received a commission under the great seal, to inspect and restore the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The difficulties he had to struggle with in this gigantic undertaking, from the narrow-minded opposition of his brother commissioners, who preferred patching to building, and whose love of economy was so great that they would willingly have paid a pound to save a penny, are fully detailed by our biographer, and pretty generally known. Indeed, had not their bickerings been terminated by the destructive fire of 1666, which almost completely demolished the antique buildings, with the memorable recent improvements of Inigo Jones, it is extremely improbable that Sir Christopher would ever have had any opportunity of carrying his magnificent plans into effect. An order, however, was at last issued, on the 20th of July, 1668, by the king in council, to take down the ruinous walls and to clear the ground to the foundation.

"The removal of the ruins of St. Paul's forms an instructive chapter in architecture. The walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower, at least two hundred feet high, though cracked and swayed and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and labourers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty feet wide) made this way slow and unsafe; several men lost their lives, and the piles of stone grew steep and large. 'Thus, however, Wren proceeded,' says his son, 'gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower, that bore the steeple, the remains of the tower being near two hundred feet high, the labourers were afraid to work above, thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the side of the north-west pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter; when he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools made on purpose, wrought a hole two feet square hard into the centre of the pillar; there he placed a little deal box containing eighteen pounds of powder and no more; a cane was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the cane, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match; after the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the

top of the ground, he then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them; and this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering; it was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder; eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand labourers. The fall of so great a weight from an height of two hundred feet, gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendent made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and, neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object; but one stone was displaced with such violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the church-yard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood so much, that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

"Wren yielded to their solicitations, and resolved to try the effect of that ancient and formidable engine the battering ram. 'He took a strong mast,' says his son, 'of about forty feet long, arming the bigger end with a great spike of iron fortified with bars along the mast and ferrels; this mast in two places was hung up by one ring with strong tackle, and so suspended level to a triangle-prop, such as they weigh great guns with; thirty men, fifteen on a side, vibrated this machine to and again, and beat in one place against the wall the whole day; they believed it was to little purpose, not discerning any immediate effect; he bid them not despair, but proceed another day: on the second day, the wall was perceived to tremble at the top, and in a few hours it fell.'" p. 184—187.

It was not, however, until the year 1675 "that the approved plan of the structure was returned to the hands of the patient architect with the long-expected authority to proceed with the Cathedral."

"Wren had had the sagacity to make various designs, for there were many judges—he desired to show that he was alike prepared for all tastes, from the simple to the magnificent. The form of the classic temple, he imagined, suited the reformed worship best, being compact and simple, without long aisles, our religion not using processions like that of Rome; he accordingly planned a church of moderate size, of good proportion: a convenient choir with a vestibule and porticoes, and a dome conspicuous above the houses. 'This design,' says his son, 'was applauded by persons of good understanding as containing all that was necessary for the church of the metropolis, of a beautiful figure, and of an expense that reasonably might have been compassed: but being contrived in the Roman style, was not so well understood and relished by others; some thought it not stately enough, and contended that, for the honour of the nation and city of London, it ought not to be exceeded in magnificence by any church in Europe.' Much as this plan was approved, it was nevertheless one of those which he sketched 'merely,' as he said, 'for discourse sake;' he had bestowed his study upon two designs, both of which he liked; though one of them he preferred, and justly, above the other. The ground plans of both were in the form of the cross; that which pleased Charles, the Duke of York, and the courtiers, retained the primitive figure with all its sharp advancing and receding angles: the one after

Wren's own heart substituted curves for these deep indentations, by which one unbroken and beautiful winding line was obtained for the exterior, while the interior accommodation which it afforded, and the elegance which it introduced, were such as must have struck every beholder. But if we may credit Spence, taste had no share in deciding the choice of the design. He says, on the authority of Harding, that the Duke of York and his party influenced all; the future king even then contemplated the revival of the popish service, and desired to have a cathedral with long side aisles for the sake of processions. This not only caused the rejection of Wren's favourite design, but materially affected the other, which was approved. The side oratories were proposed by the duke, and though this narrowed the building and broke much in upon the breadth and harmony of the interior elevation, and though it was resisted by Wren, even to tears, all was in vain—the architect was obliged to comply. He made the proposed changes with a heavy heart and an unwilling hand—he knew that he was injuring the unity of the structure; that he was sacrificing for the sake of the unnecessary oratories much that conduced to the beauty and lucid arrangement of the parts; he felt that his fame would suffer, and as he was a sincere and pious man, he might mourn for the land which he suspected was, at no distant day, to experience the revival of religious strife.

“As soon as the king had approved of the plan, Wren resolved to make no more models, nor publicly expose his drawings, which experience taught him occasioned much loss of time and much idle controversy with incompetent judges. His favourite model was now laid aside—that on which he had expended so much thought and time; it was made to scale with great accuracy, and carved with all its proper ornaments, and consisting of one order only, the Corinthian, exhibited a structure at once classic and picturesque. This beautiful and costly work, when St. Paul's was finished, found sanctuary along with a fine model (likewise rejected) for the high altar, over the morning prayer chapel, and there they still remain, not a little injured and neglected; the original drawings are preserved, with much care, in the library of All Souls', Oxford.

“The approved design has been called a free imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, avoiding the defects of that structure, and including more than its beauties. Wren took the Gothic form of building, and sought, as he informed his son, to reconcile it to a better manner of architecture, with a cupola, and above that, instead of a lantern, a lofty spire, and large porticos. Those who estimate the genius displayed in this splendid work have to consider, first, the injurious change in the original plan occasioned by the interference of the Duke of York—and, secondly, the nature of the materials with which Wren had to rear his structure. The former has robbed the exterior of much of its elegance and simplicity; and the latter has compelled the architect to sacrifice breadth and majesty for littleness of parts and neatness of combination. It is the nature of classic architecture that no lofty work can be built without such immense masses of stone as British quarries cannot at all times, for a continuance, yield: the Parthenon may be attempted in freestone, but where would we find materials for such a temple as that of Diana, at Ephesus? Now the loftiness which St. Paul's required compelled the architect to imitate the Italian style of building in preference to the ancient Grecian; by successive stories of columns and courses of pilasters, he gained that altitude which could not have been attained by the small stones of our quarries, had the more simple style of antiquity been adopted.

“Wren, after fifteen years of sketching and controversy, having seen all obstacles removed,

commenced building with great spirit and under favourable auspices. ‘In the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's,’ says his son, ‘an accident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen. When the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was desired to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, such as should first come to hand, to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, RESURGAM.’ This omen has the look of premeditation.

“The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, had twelve architects, and took one hundred and forty-five years to build; that of St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years, and had but one architect. There are other differences still. On the artists who conceived and raised the Roman fabric, nineteen successive popes showered honours, wealth, and indulgences; on the architect of St. Paul's, the king bestowed 200*l.* a year; his brother injured the unity of the design out of love for oratories; the clerical and lay commissioners harassed him with captious and ignorant criticisms; and, before the last stone was laid, persecuted him with ridiculous and groundless charges.” p. 205—9.

The remainder of Wren's numerous works are examined by Mr. Cunningham in detail, with a great deal of liveliness and apparent impartiality of criticism; but we have already extended our extracts to such an unusual length, that we must leave both these, and the other Memoirs of which the volume consists, to the personal industry and leisure hours of our readers, assuring them, that the condensed and sparkling biography of Sir John Vanbrugh alone, will amply repay them for any mental or physical exertion which the most slothful spender of pages may have occasion to undergo.

Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.
Edited by Alric A. Watts, Editor of the
‘Literary Souvenir.’ 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THE majority of these ‘Scenes and Sketches’ appeared some years ago in a periodical now discontinued, and out of print: they have undergone revision and alteration; new ones have been added; and the editor expresses a hope, in the preface, that the whole, as here collected, may fairly be said to constitute a new work. The *Literary Gazette* gives its judgment, that all who wish an hour to be passed agreeably in light amusement, may find in these volumes “the sort of gratification they seek.” This we consider a serviceable word for the publishers—a good extractable passage to go the round of the papers, tacked to an advertisement! But it appears the *Gazette* was not equally civil to the Editor; and, in illustration of the curious management of these affairs, we shall quote a few lines of a letter received with this work from that gentleman:—

“Two months ago (that is, two months previous to its publication), the editor of the *Literary Gazette* obtained, as Messrs. Colburn & Co. assure me, without their consent, and ———, the sheets of this book; and after altering the words of the preface, which specified that the ‘greater part of these papers was printed several years ago,’ to a few, or some, proceeded to accuse the editor of a desire to deceive the public; and since then, the publishers have, without my consent, positively altered the preface (cancelled it) so as to accord, I suppose, with Mr. Jerdan's notice, and preserve his consistency!”

However, the trade criticism is, in this instance, honest: the book is a readable one; there is a life and vivacity about it; a quick perception of, and a tact and talent in hitting off character, that make it always very pleasant. But the title is not fairly descriptive of the contents. The editor may hope that the alterations and additions entitle it to be considered a new work; but the reader ought to have been permitted to form his judgment whether he would or would not so consider it, before he made the purchase: there ought to have been some reference in the title-page to the former publication. We have only room for one extract, but a very illustrative one it is, of that system of book-making and puffing, the prosperous days of which are drawing fast to a close; for we rejoice to see that fresh labourers are daily coming into the field to lend us a helping hand. We noticed, not long since, that the new evening paper, *The Albion*, had sounded a note of preparation; that the editor of the *Essex Standard* had fleshed his critical sword in a chivalrous style, which gave us great promise both of his talent and integrity; and we extract the following from the *Dorset County Chronicle*:

“We have to acknowledge the receipt of an insult in the shape of a puffing sheet for the *Harmonicon*. We will not sacrifice the honesty and independence of our columns on the altar of any such quackery.”

Now, the *Harmonicon* only passed into the hands of Longman & Co. at Christmas; and here we see how the press is beginning to be set in motion all over the country. But this is a digression, and therefore we proceed at once to the promised extract:—

“Lady Dorothea had imbibed a sudden and somewhat extraordinary penchant for literature, and the writings of modern authors more especially, from the circumstance of her having taken into her service, as cook, a brawny wench who once lived for a few months as scullion in the kitchen of the late Lord Byron. The girl teemed, of course, with interesting reminiscences of her deceased master; and, having heard it more than once shrewdly hinted that he arose in the morning, shaved, dressed, ate, drank, walked out occasionally, blew his nose, breakfasted, dined, and supped, and usually retired to bed when he was weary of sitting up,—she profited by an early opportunity to communicate these very interesting discoveries to Lady Dorothea's maid; from whom they were not long in travelling, with many interesting embellishments, to her mistress, who once more retailed them with a little (just the least in the world) additional garnish, to her literary acquaintance; and, among others, to an antiquated blue-stocking spinster, who was in the habit of giving what she called a *conversazione* once a month to a few select ‘persons of wit and honour about town.’ The old gentlewoman's eyes glistened with delight as Lady Dorothea recounted the strikingly-curious information which had been communicated to her by the ex-sculion of the noble author of *Childe Harold*.

“But my dearest Lady D. you must and shall write a book upon the subject,” ejaculated Miss Puffemoff. “A book! oh, impossible,” rejoined Lady Dorothea; “I never set eyes on Lord Byron in my life.” “What does that signify, love? your servant has, you know; and her facts conveyed in your own brilliant and flowing style of narrative, will make two very charming volumes of new conversations, to match the smallest and prettiest edition of Captain Medwin's Journal.”

“That, my dear Miss Puffemoff, would be utterly impracticable, if we propose to adhere to matters of fact, since it happens, rather unfortunately, that Lord Byron never spoke to my cook but once in his life, and that was when he

desired her, in terms which it would be indecorous to repeat, to get out of his way."

"Well, but my sweet Lady D., you can have no objection to call the book 'Reminiscences of a confidential Female Servant of the late Lord Byron.' The title will be unexceptionable in all respects; for you know, my lovely friend, that cooks and their assistants can be considered in no other light than as confidential servants; since our very existence is in their hands; they can poison us half a dozen times a day if they feel disposed so to do. In what class of persons, therefore, can we repose more implicit confidence? Then, as to the publication of the book; it may, if you please, make its appearance under the most favourable auspices; for my friend, Mr. Colburn, to whom (I may whisper it in confidence) I have recommended several admirable works of a similar character, will, I can pledge myself, undertake its publication *con amore*; and will bestow on you "popularity," literary "distinction," and heaven knows what beside, before a copy of your work has seen the light. His "note of preparation" invests an author with comparative immortality."

"But, my indefatigable friend, if Sally were really "put to the question," after the manner of the inquisitorial torture, it would be impossible to extract from her enough of the raw material of anecdote to enable me to make even one volume, to say nothing of two."

"To be sure not! What then? Are there not newspapers and magazines, and Byron Memoirs without end, which may be turned to excellent account?" i. 94-7.

This is true to the life; and the reader may substitute, for the 'Memoirs of Byron,' nine-tenths of all the memoirs published. We rejoice, however, that Mr. Colburn, repenting of his many iniquities in this way, has turned evidence: here we have it under his own sign manual, and dated from the Confessional in New Burlington Street, that he has favoured the public with "several admirable works," manufactured after this fashion; and that his "note of preparation," his puffs preliminary, have invested these "scullion confidentials" with all sorts of "literary distinctions." We knew all this before, but were obliged "to speak by the card." What a volume of circumlocution will this plain confession save us hereafter.

The Death-wake, or Lunacy, a Necromant. In three *chimeras*! By Thomas T. Stoddart. 1831. Constable, Edinburgh; Hurst & Chance, London.

THE Death-wake, or Lunacy, a Necromant. In three *chimeras*! This, on the very threshold of such a pretty little volume, is certainly somewhat startling. It appears monstrously like a devil's mask, and when we had scanned it well, we did of a verity, expect to see something horrible behind it, and we have not been disappointed. Never in the whole course of our literary experience do we remember to have perused anything so absolutely revolting as the *Death-wake*. We have had the smell of corruption in our nostrils, and visions of grim death in our imagination, ever since the perusal of this poetical vampire. Mr. Stoddart, we should imagine, must have been born in a lunatic asylum, and reared in a charnel-house, or he never could have depicted such horrors, and with such a hearty good-will, as he exhibits in the little volume before us. The story of 'The Death-wake' is simply this:—A young monk is in love with a beautiful nun. She dies; he robs her grave, and wanders about with her body over earth and ocean, until it positively becomes a lump of putrefaction. This odious mass of

corruption (fagh!) he perpetually hugs and kisses, until, tired at length, as we suppose, of his *worm-eaten* bride, he, to the reader's great relief, plunges into the sea and perishes.

In spite, however, of the repelling materials of which Mr. Stoddart's poem is composed, he has occasionally adorned his subject with some very beautiful poetry. He is a man of no common powers; and, were his taste and judgment equal to the other rare resources of his mind, he would be a writer of excellent promise. 'The Death-wake' has many beauties of the highest order, but it abounds with extravagances, independent of the appalling subject, which more than counterveil them. However, with different materials, we think that its author might do honour to himself and to our literature—he therefore has our best encouragement to proceed in his poetical career. We shall give a few extracts in justification of our opinion. The following, except that it has too great a dash of the horrible, is full of energy:—

And he is flinging the dark, chilly mould
Over the gorgeous pavement: 'tis a cold,
Sad grave, and there is many a relic there
Of chalky bones, which, in the wasting air,
Fell mouldering away; and he would dash
His mattock through them, with a cursed crash,
That made the lone aisle echo. But anon
He fell upon a scull—a haggard one,
With its teeth set, and the great orbless eye
Revolving darkness, like eternity—
And in his hand he held it, till it grew
To have the fleshy features and the hue
Of life. He gazed, and gazed, and it became
Like to his Agathe—all, all the same!
He drew it nearer—the cold, bony thing!—
To kiss the worm-wet lips. "Ay! let me cling—
Cling to thee now, for ever!" but a breath
Of rank corruption from its jaws of death
Went to his nostrils, and he madly laugh'd,
And dash'd it over on the altar shaft,
Which the new risen moon, in her gray light,
Had fondly flooded, beautifully bright!

Take a passage of a different character:—

Beauty in death! a tenderness upon
The rude and silent relics, where alone
Sat the destroyer! Beauty on the dead!
The look of being where the breath is fled!
The unwarming sun still joyous in its light!
A time—a time without a day or night!
Death cradled upon Beauty, like a bee
Upon a flower, that looketh lovingly!—
Like a wild serpent, coiling in its madness,
Under a wreath of blossom and of gladness!

The shipwreck is a fine piece of descriptive poetry:—

The ship! that self same ship, that Julio knew
Had pass'd him, with her panic-stricken crew,
She gleams amid the storm, a shatter'd thing
Of pride and lordly beauty: her fair wing
Of sail is wounded—the proud pennon gone;
Dark, dark she sweepeth like an eagle, on
Through waters that are battling to and fro,
And tossing their great giant shrouds of snow
Over her deck. Ahead, and there is seen
A black, strange line of breakers, down between
The awful surges, lifting up their manes,
Like great sea lions. Quick and high she strains
Her foaming keel—that solitary ship!
As if, in all her frenzy, she would leap
The cursed barrier—that forward, fast and fast—
Back, back she reels; her timbers and her mast
Split in a thousand shivers! A white spring
Of the exulting sea rose hanting
Over her ruin; and the mighty crew,
That man'd her decks, were seen, a straggling few,
Far scatter'd on the surges. Julio felt
The impulse of that hour, and low he knelt,
Within his own light bark—a prayful man!
And clasp'd his lifeless bride; and to her wan,
Cold cheek did lay his melancholy brow.—
"Save thou a mariner!" He start'd up now
To hear that dying cry; and there is one,
All worn and wave-wet, by his bark anon,
Clinging, in terror of the ireful sea,
A fair-haired mariner! But suddenly
He saw the pale dead lady, by a flame
Of blue and livid lightning, and there came
Over his features blindness, and the power
Of his strong hands grew weak,—a giant shower
Of foam rose up, and swept him far along;
And Julio saw him buffeting the throng
Of the great eddying waters, till they went
Over him—a wind-shaken casket!

THE FAMILY LIBRARY. No. VIII. 2d edit.

The Court and Camp of Buonaparte. London, 1831. Murray.

NEARLY thirty thousand copies of the History of Napoleon, which formed the two first volumes of the 'Family Library,' have, it appears, been sold; and if, as with the 'National Library,' eminent success induces publishers to raise the price of a work, we think the public may congratulate themselves on getting the present appendage to the History of Napoleon for the original price of five shillings. This present edition is rather a new one revised and corrected, than a reprint; and the portrait prefixed, of Talleyrand, engraved by E. Finden, from the painting by Gérard, is a valuable and beautiful addition. We, however, principally refer to the work for some curious particulars respecting Bourrienne's Memoirs, which appear in the preface; we have not room for all the writer's commentary and exposure, but a few extracts may put the public on their guard against that much over-rated work.

"With respect to the Memoirs of Napoleon's private secretary, M. de Bourrienne, the loud panegyrics with which their opening chapters were ushered into the world have not, most certainly, been justified by the main body of the book. The public were told, that having been six and twenty years about the person of his hero, this author would narrate 'nothing but what had taken place under his own eye,' and that his 'moral qualifications,' taken along with his opportunities, entitled him to claim rank as not only the best, but the only faithful pour-trayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. * * A few facts, drawn from the Memoirs themselves, will enable the reader to judge of the accuracy of these representations.

"Bourrienne was appointed private secretary to Buonaparte in April, 1796, and retained the situation till October, 1802; 'when,' says Savary, 'he was dismissed for peculation, the First Consul abhorring nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold.' For nearly three years he lived in obscurity; but, in May, 1805, at the intercession of Josephine, he was appointed French minister at Hamburg, and an agent of Fouché's police. He remained there till December, 1809, when he was suddenly dismissed; and, on his return to Paris, the Emperor refused him an audience. * * *

"It thus appears, from his own showing, that, instead of being 'for six and twenty years about the person of his hero,' Bourrienne, during a part of the Consulship and the whole of the Empire, was not even permitted to approach him, and resided, for a great portion of that period, at the distance of a hundred leagues from Paris. Instead of narrating 'nothing but what took place under his own eye,' all his revelations, from 1803 to 1815, as far as Napoleon is concerned, are at second-hand. It would be easy to trace the sources whence he has borrowed, without the slightest acknowledgment, his statement of every leading event." v.—vii.

The Four Days of Brussels, by General Van Halen, to which are annexed His Trial, &c. Translated by A. H. Beaumont. London, 1831. Valpy.

THIS history of the 'Four Days' is so far interesting, that it is perhaps the first connected narrative by an eye-witness; and though Van Halen was an active partisan, it seems to us that the account here given is impartial; indeed, it well may be, for if he did not like the old government, he has no special reasons to be attached to the present. As to his arrest, we suspect the true reasons have not yet been made public. The provisional government took all power from him the moment they were strong enough; and we know nothing in his past life

that would justify wise men in entrusting it to him one moment longer than there was an urgent necessity.

The Truth respecting the revolution which broke out in Paris in July, its Causes and Consequences. Translated from the French. London, 1831. Alexander.

OUR readers will recollect the contradiction "on authority," that was given in this paper, to the twice-repeated assertion of the amiable Duchess de Berri having offered the 'Henriade' for sale—and no doubt they heard in it a still small voice that spoke of other days and better hopes. This pamphlet is written in the same spirit, and may be considered as a vindication of the measures of Charles X., and the protest of the family against the usurpation of *that faction*, which is believed, by the writer, to have produced the revolution. The salvation of France depends, it seems, on the "lively indignation" which she ought to feel at the sight of those shackles which have been imposed on her. "In the meanwhile, that child, the pure blood of thy Kings, lives and grows strong under the shelter of the *Sanctuary*. Heaven seems to rejoice in forming his heart and his mind; in revealing to him thy qualities and thy wants, and the miracle of his birth holds out the prospect of happier times." Commentary would be ungenerous.

Prometheus of Æschylus, with English Notes, &c. Valpy.

THIS is a companion to the late editions of parts of Sophocles and Euripides. The text has been carefully collated, the notes are sufficiently elucidative, without running into lengthiness, and the examination questions render it peculiarly suited to assist the student.

German Prose Anthology.—German Poetical Anthology. By A. Bernays. London, 1831. Treuttel & Wirtz.

THESE are valuable works to the student, and the selections are made with a taste and judgment, that entitle the volumes even to a place in the library. The notes must be of great service, and the History of the Poetical Literature of Germany, prefixed to the latter, though brief, is interesting.

The American Almanac for 1831. Boston, U.S. Gray & Bowen; London, Rich.

A useful work, and, what may seem extraordinary, specially useful in England—not, indeed, for the Almanac, but the valuable and authentic information that is attached relating to the constitution, the army, navy, trade, and statistics of America.

PAMPHLETEER

A Letter to Lord Althorp on the Subject of the Duty on Printed Cottons. By a Calico-Printer. London, Ridgway.

THE thousands of families interested in the question so ably discussed in this pamphlet, is our inducement to notice it. We are, not, indeed, specially competent to determine on the subject; but we intimate to those who are, or may, as legislators, be called on to do so, that it deserves their serious consideration. The facts here stated, if true, prove that the duty on cotton is a cruelly oppressive tax on the poor, who pay fifty per cent. while the rich pay but five; that it gives to the unfair trader a most enormous advantage, and holds out great temptations to unfair trading; that it gives to all other manufactures a most unjust preference; and all this for no comparative revenue,—the amount of duty imposed exceeding, by three hundred per cent., the net revenue received into the Exchequer.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LITERARY SKETCHES. No. I.

FELICIA HEMANS.

WERE there to be a feminine literary house of commons, Felicia Hemans might very worthily be called to fill the chair as the speaker—a representative of the whole body, as distinguished from the other estates of the intellectual realm. If she wrote, or rather published prose, for write it we know she does very charmingly, it would be characterised by the same qualities that mark her poetry, and by some that in poetry cannot well appear:—wit, for instance; but then it would be poetical wit, dealing chiefly in fanciful allusion and brilliant remark, but no puns, not even upon ideas. The wit of society is sparkling repartee, intellectual snap-dragon; poetical wit is essentially imaginative—spiritual rather than satiric—and female wit differs as much from a man's, as *Cœur de Lion* chopping the iron mace by a single blow of his straight ponderous sword, differed from Sultan Saladin severing the down pillow with his thin shining scimitar. But to return to Mrs. Hemans. The remark that genius always gives its best first is by no means worthy of invariable credit. Inferior minds may, by throwing all their energies into a first effort, achieve more than they ever do afterwards;—but it is because, in that first effort, they overleaped and exhausted themselves. Genius of a higher order generally develops gradually, passing through a regular gradation of bud, blossom, and fruit. If a first production evidence the sudden maturity of a Siberian summer, it is not improbable but the creative power may be as short-lived. The best writers have all been improving writers—so have the best painters. We have at this moment before our eyes a very interesting document in proof of our assertion—a MS. copy of various poems, the composition, and in the handwriting of Felicia Hemans, when *thirteen years old*. There is not a greater disparity between the text-hand of the child, and the formed, delicate, flowing autograph of the woman, than exists between their compositions. The oak is not in the acorn; and, except remarkable smoothness of versification, these poems contain nothing of the promise that has since been so splendidly fulfilled. The following is one of the prettiest of these juvenile productions:—

To the Muse.

Goddess of the magic lay,
Ever let me own thy sway!
Thine the sweet enchanting art,
To charm and to correct the heart—
To bid the tear of pity flow,
Sacred to thy tale of woe;
Or raise the lovely smile of pleasure
With sportive animated measure!

O Goddess of the magic lay,
To thee my early vows I pay!
Still let me wander in thy train,
And pour the wild romantic strain:
Be mine to rove, by thee inspired,
In peaceful vales and scenes retired;
For in thy path, O heavenly maid!
The roses bloom that never fade.

That the childhood of our poetess was no common thing—that she had, from its dawn, gleams and visitings of the imagination that has since won for her such high fame—that from very early years she walked in the light of her own spirit, is true; but she has yet manifested more *progression* than any one who has written as much, and whose course we can as faithfully follow. Leaving her childhood wholly out of the question, and examining those works which have at intervals issued from the press during the last fifteen years, even they may be divided into two distinct styles—the classic and the romantic. Within the time specified, Mrs. Hemans has differed as materially from herself as from any other writer; and not in minor points merely, but in very essential ones. Up to the

publication of the "Siege of Valencia," her poetry was correct, classical, and highly polished—but it wanted warmth; it partook more of the nature of statuary than of painting. She fettered her mind with facts and authorities, and drew upon her memory when she should have relied upon her imagination:—she did not possess too much knowledge, but she made too much use of it. She was diffident of herself, and, to quote her own admission, "loved to repose under the shadow of mighty names:"—Since then she has acquired the courage which leads to simplicity. Those were the days when she translated, and when her own poetry had somewhat the air of translation:—see the "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy"—the "Tales and Historic Scenes"—"Modern Greece"—"The Greek Songs"—"The Last Constantine"—and "Dartmoor." But now this is no longer the case. The sun of feeling has risen upon her song—noon has followed morning—the Promethean touch has been given to the statue—the Memnon yields its music. She writes from and to the heart, putting her memory to its fitting use—that of supplying materials for imagination to fashion and build with. It is ridiculous to compare poets who have no points in common—equally vain to settle their priority of rank: each has his own character and his own station without reference to others. There will always be a difference between the poetry of men and women—so let it be; we have two kinds of excellence instead of one; we have also the pleasure of contrast: we discover that power is the element of man's genius—beauty that of woman's;—and occasionally we reciprocate their respective influence, by discerning the beauty of power, and feeling the power of beauty.

Mrs. Hemans has written pieces that combine power and beauty in an equal degree:—"Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father"—"England's Dead"—"The Pilgrim Fathers"—"The Lady of Provence"—"The Vaudois Wife"—and numbers of the same stamp, are "lumps of pure gold:" poems full of heroism, full of strength, and full of spirit; but the most distinctive feature in the mind and poetry of Mrs. Hemans, is their bias towards the supernatural of thought. Most of her later poems breathe of midnight fancies and lone questionings—of a spirit that muses much and mournfully on the grave, not as for ever shrouding beloved objects from the living, but as a shrine whence high unearthly oracles may be won; and all the magnificence of this universal frame, the stars, the mountains, the deep forest, and the ever-sounding sea, are made ministrants to this form of imagination.

"The Address to a Departed Spirit"—"The Message to the Dead"—"The Spirit's Return," are express embodyings of this longing after visible signs of immortality—this turning inward and looking outward for proof that the dead dream in their long sleep, and dream of us; whilst incidental breathings of the same nature continually occur through her volumes.

As poetry, the productions thus characterized are exquisite; but we deeply regret the habit of thought they embody and display. With the dead we have nothing to do: we shall go to them, but they shall not return to us; and to invest anything like a wish for such return—anything like belief in its possibility—with the charms and subtleties of imagination, fancy, or feeling, is neither wise nor safe. The field of human feeling is large and varied; well has Mrs. Hemans availed herself of its resources! "Others," says an American critic, "have had more dramatic power, more eloquence, more manly strength, but no woman had ever so much true poetry in her heart." This is saying much; but only look in confirmation at the feelings she loves to pourtray—they are the purest, most profound, or, in other words, the most poetic

of our nature:—look again at the characters she delights to honour—the wise, the virtuous, the heroic, the self-devoted, the single-hearted; those who have been faithful unto death in a noble cause; those who have triumphed over suffering and led on to holy deeds; those who have lived, and those who have died for others. PASSION is a poetical watchword of the day;—unfortunately, it is also something worse—a species of literary Goulé that preys upon good sense, good feeling, and good taste. Nothing now is considered to be said strongly that is said simply—every line must produce “effect”—every word must “tell”; in fact,

Who peppers the highest is surest to please.

The human heart is to be treated like Lord Peter's coat, in the Tale of a Tub: authors need “mind nothing, so they do but tear away.” POWERFUL is another watchword, which palms off every delineation that is monstrous and absurd. Thus, language is powerful when epithets succeed each other as fast and heavily as the strokes of a blacksmith's hammer; ideas are powerful when, like Ossian's ghosts, they reveal themselves in mists and shadow; and characters and incidents are powerful when they are worthy of the Newgate Calendar. Those who entered for the nursery in olden times had very correct notions on these points: Jack the Giant-killer is truly “powerful”; Blue Beard is fraught with “passion”.

The admirable taste possessed by Mrs. Hemans has entirely preserved her from these, the besetting sins of our imaginative literature; she always writes like one who feels that the heart is a sacred thing, not rashly to be wounded; whilst she scorns to lower her own intellectual dignity by an ambitious straining after effect. Her matronly delicacy of thought, her chastened style of expression, her hallowed ideas of happiness as connected with home, and home-enjoyments;—to condense all in one emphatic word, her *womanliness* is to her intellectual qualities as the morning mist to the landscape, or the evening dew to the flower—that which enhances loveliness without diminishing lustre. To speak confidentially to our trusted friend the public, Mrs. Hemans throws herself into her poetry, and the said self is an English gentlewoman. Now this proves the exceeding good sense of Imagination, a faculty that Utilitarians are so apt to libel: Imagination says, that a poetess ought to be ladylike, claiming acquaintance with the Graces no less than with the Muses; and if it were not so, Imagination would conceive he had a right to be sulky. We appeal to any one who is imaginative. If, after sighing away your soul over some poetic effusion of female genius, a personal introduction took place, and you found the fair author a dashing dragon-kind of woman—one who could with ease rid her house of a couple of robbers—would you not be startled? Or, if she called upon you to listen to a discussion on Petrarch's love in a voice that brayed upon your sense of hearing, would you not feel that nature had made a mistake? Without a doubt you would. Your understanding might in time be converted; you might bow at the very feet, and solicit the very hand, the proportions of which at first inspired terror, but your Imagination, a recreant to the last, would die maintaining that a poetess ought to be feminine. All that we know are so; and Mrs. Hemans especially. Her Italian extraction somewhat accounts for the passion which, even in childhood, she displayed for sculpture and melody; but her taste for the beautiful, so fastidious, so universal, so unsleeping—(we are not discussing how far such a taste contributes to happiness, but in what way it modifies genius)—is that, to which may mainly be attributed Mrs. Hemans's separation from all other sisters of the lyre. One or two might be named who excel her in some things, but not one who equals her in this point.

Beauty of sound, natural spectacle, form and colour, is to her a life and presence—the spirit that defies existence—the dial that records time in sunbeams.

All who remember “The Voice of Spring”—“Bring Flowers”—“The Death-Song of the Nightingale”—the “Music of Yesterday”—“The Song of Night,” and others of this class, will agree, that “the imperfection of language, the embarrassment of versification, all that is material and mechanical, disappears, and the vision floats before us ‘an airy stream.’” They seem like some of Shelley's—less written than dreamed.

We must adventure a general remark on the subject of poetry as connected or unconnected with moral truth. It is not necessary that every poem should be a homily in verse, or a sermon written for music; but it is necessary that the bias of a poet's own mind should be towards the beneficial. It has been finely said, that the intention of poetry, like that of christianity, is, “to spiritualize our nature;” if so, every poet should emulate the birds that ministered to the prophet in the wilderness, and bring us food from heaven. Such a poet may pourtray the passions, the joys, the griefs, and the affections of earth—but he will not rest among them. Like the angel who appeared to the Hebrew chief, he will touch the offerings with his staff, and there will rise from them, a pure, a heavenly, an aspiring flame. Great improvement has taken place in this respect; there is a holier spirit abroad in our poetry of an imaginative nature; and, in common with some other poets, Mrs. Hemans has given us many poems destined, we trust, in better than a human sense, to “shine as the stars for ever.”—“The Hebrew Mother”—“The Cross in the Wilderness”—“The Trumpet”—“The Fountain of Marah”—“The Penitent”—“The Graves of the Martyrs”—&c. We look for yet more like these, and entreat that we may not look in vain. To our minds Mrs. Hemans always succeeds best when her “strain is of a higher” mood; when she sings to us of “melancholy fear subdued by faith”; and, when, through the tender gloom that habitually hangs over her poetry (twilight on a rose-bed) we have glimpses of that future which alone can “make us less forlorn.” For this reason the “Forest Sanctuary” is our first favourite. But Time is, our tedious prose should here have ending.

Had Felicia Hemans belonged to antiquity, it is probable that some of her lyrics might have descended to us, and been considered now as perfect specimens of song. That word reminds us that we have not mentioned one branch of composition in which our poetess especially excels, and to which she appears recently to have given particular attention—we mean song-writing. Our musical readers are probably familiar with many so sweetly set to music by her sister. In songs there should be *one* thought or *one* feeling flowing out in simple, natural, melodious words. Mrs. Hemans's best, whilst full of melody, are remarkable for their variety of subject; avoiding sentiment, they contrive to embody knowledge, description, affection; and we hope she will continue this species of writing. Good Mr. Printer's black spirit, and worthy Mr. Editor's angelic spirit, be so good as make room for the following one of six, about to be published (if not already published) by Power—

The Lyre and Flower.

A lyre its plaintive sweetness poured
Forth on the wild wind's track,
The stormy wanderer jarred the chord,
But gave no music back.
O child of song,
Bear hence to heaven thy fire;
What lopest thou from the reckless throng?
Be not like that lost lyre,
Not like that lyre.

A flower its leaves and odour cast
On a swift-rolling wave,
Th' unheeding torrent darkly passed,
And back no treasure gave.

O heart of love!
Waste not thy precious dower,
Turn to thine only home above;
Be not like that lost flower,
Not like that flower!

Long may Mr. Power's *Strand* be strewn with such gems! But to conclude at last: Mrs. Hemans often partakes, it is true, of the modern faults of diffuseness, over-ornament, and want of force; but, taken for all in all, and judged by her best productions, she is a permanent accession to the literature of her country; she has strengthened intellectual refinement, and beautified the cause of virtue. The superb creeping-plants of America often fling themselves across the arms of mighty rivers, uniting the opposite banks by a blooming arch: so should every poet do to truth and goodness—so has Felicia Hemans often done, and been, poetically speaking, a Bridge of Flowers.

CHARTS OF THE NORTHERN COAST OF BRAZIL.

WE regret to find that H. M. ship *Mercy*, Capt. Courtenay, lately ran on the Braganza reefs, at the entrance of the Para branch of the river Amazons, owing to the great inaccuracy of the charts. The *Mercy* fortunately floated off after having been lightened, by the judicious arrangements of her captain and the exertions of her officers and men, with no other damage than the loss of part of her false keel.

There is no part of the South American coast more dangerous to vessels than the northern part of Brazil, and none perhaps more incorrectly laid down on the charts. No survey has ever been made of this coast, and the only charts of it, by Arrowsmith, are found to place the line of coast from twenty to thirty miles to the northward of its true position. Coral reefs and quicksands form a sort of impenetrable barrier to it, and these dangers are increased by a current running at the rate of three and four miles an hour. Off the mouth of the Amazons, the current is much influenced by the stream of that great river, and the winds which prevail there, according to the season of the year. These things considered, as well as the little trade hitherto afforded by this part of Brazil, it is easy to imagine the sort of materials from which the charts must have been compiled. Captain Foster in H. M. ship *Chanticleer*, employed on a scientific expedition, had been some time at Maranhão, before the *Mercy* was there. It is to be hoped that this officer will afford us materials for constructing correct charts of this dangerous part of the world.

It is stated that the harbour of St. Louis, Maranhão, is fast filling up—affording another remarkable instance of those changes which nature is constantly working in our globe. The effect of the rainy season is distinctly visible in the harbour, in bringing down from the interior large quantities of sand and mud; so much so, that in one place where large ships formerly lay at anchor, even at low water, there is not now sufficient to float a boat. In the deepest part of the harbour, at present there is not more than a depth of fourteen feet at low water, and in consequence of this, it is expected that the port for shipment of goods will be removed. That of Artaki, close by, is large, safe, and commodious, but totally deficient in the article of fresh water, which is not to be found within a distance of ten miles from it: so that it is more likely the shipments will take place from the town of Alcantara, on the opposite side of the bay of San Marcos.

The survey of Baron Roussin extends only as far as the Island of San Joao, to the westward of Maranhão, and his charts, although the best of this part of the world, are in many parts susceptible of improvement. His plan of Port Louis appears to be very incomplete, and he even omits the middle ground, a large shoal

in the bay of San Marcos, known to all the pilots of the place. Great credit is, however, due to the French Admiral, for his persevering exertions in discovering the position of the Manoel Luiz rock, one that had been long fatal to the trade of Maranhão, whose situation was involved in mystery, and which had long eluded the search of the most experienced navigators.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 10.—Davies Gilbert, Esq., Vice President, in the chair. The proceedings of the former meeting, and a list of the presents received, were read.

A certificate was presented in favour of Capt. G. W. Manby, R.N., celebrated for his valuable inventions for saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners.

Sir Grey Egerton, Bart., was elected a Fellow of the Society, and W. J. Blake, Esq., was also introduced and admitted.

Part of a paper was read, being a communication of E. Davey, Esq., of Dublin, in a letter to Davies Gilbert, Esq. The subject of it is a new combination of chlorine and nitrous gas; a long detail was given of experiments made with it to ascertain its effects on various substances. It was stated that it is not inflammable, the fact having been ascertained by a lighted wax taper being introduced into a tube containing some of the gas; the flame became gradually less, and expired after being in it a very short time. The portions of the chlorine and nitrous gases forming the combination, were 72 and 30 parts of each respectively. The specific gravity of the compound gas, with respect to the atmosphere, is as 1759 to 1000.

The thanks of the Society were voted for the above communication, and the conclusion of Mr. Davey's paper deferred till the next meeting.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 4.—Mr. Brande addressed the members and their friends this evening, on the relation of vegeto-alkalis to common alkalis, and to certain proximate principles of vegetables. At the commencement of the lecture, he gave a brief account of the discovery of the metallic bases of the fixed alkalis and earths, a narrative which gained an additional interest by being delivered in the very building where most of these discoveries were made by Sir H. Davy. When it was found that soda and potash were, in fact, oxides of a peculiar metal, analogy rendered it probable that ammonia also possessed a metallic base, and numerous experiments were undertaken, in different countries, to effect such a decomposition of that alkali, as might ascertain the fact; a peculiar degree of interest would have attached to the discovery, because, as ammonia may be decomposed into hydrogen and nitrogen gases, if any metallic base were found of the ammonia, such a result would naturally include the decomposition of two gases, hitherto deemed to be simple substances. The experiments, at first, seemed to prove that ammonia had a metallic base, for the mercury which happened to be employed assumed the consistence of an amalgam; but still the peculiar metal of ammonia (if any such exist,) could never be obtained in a simple state, nor, indeed, did any indication of it appear, except the peculiar effect of want of fluidity in the mercury. The matter was thus, and, indeed, still remains, somewhat uncertain; and Mr. Brande agrees with some other eminent chemists in the opinion that the change of the mercury is not owing to any combination with another metal, but is merely a mechanical effect, arising from the escape of a considerable quantity of hydrogen gas during the experiment, which gives a sort

of consistency to the mercury, not unlike that which is seen in soap and water when agitated into a lather.

The substances which peculiarly claimed the Professor's attention, are certain vegetable principles, which, from their resemblance to alkalis in some respects, notwithstanding their difference in others, have obtained the name of vegeto-alkalis, or the alkaline bases of vegetables.

The first of these substances was detected in opium, in 1816, and several others were soon afterwards pointed out. Of these, cinchonia and quinia, (obtained from the white and yellow Peruvian bark) are most conspicuous, on account of their great use in medicine. A great variety of these vegetable bases have since been discovered, and, such is the activity of modern chemists, that every day may almost be said to add to their number. It is impossible for us to state the peculiarities of all these various principles, and many of our readers will excuse us if we do not make the attempt. A bare mention of their peculiar character, with a few general observations, is all we can offer.

The substances morphia, narcotine, strychnia, cinchonia, quinia, and a variety of others, have been already treated of by Mr. Brande, in his Manual of Chemistry; and much valuable information on the subject of the analysis of vegetable alkaline principles, is to be found in the essay by that gentleman, in the second number of the 'Journal of the Royal Institution.' Some newly-discovered substances were, however, mentioned in the lecture, and among them, *caffene*, a principle developed, if not formed, during the roasting of coffee; and *teatine*, which constitutes the active principle of tea.

These principles, though they possess several qualities in common with the alkalis, yet are strikingly different in many respects. Some of them are salifiable, or form definite salts with acids, such as quinia and cinchonia, which form the crystallized sulphates in common use. Others have not the property of forming such combinations, though they are capable of neutralizing acids, and even in this case, a much greater quantity is requisite than of soda, potash, or ammonia: for instance, 17 parts of ammonia will saturate 40 of sulphuric acid, but more than 300 of the vegeto-alkalis are required for the same purpose.

When these substances form definite salts, they are crystallized generally in a much less dense form than other salts; some are in small crystals, resembling a coarse powder, others in fasciculated masses, like bundles of thread cut short, and tied together. The salts are mostly colourless, though one obtained from madder retains a red colouring matter.

On the library table was an apparatus to show that feathers, however bent, or even crumpled, may be restored to their original straightness and elasticity, by immersion in boiling water.

We also noticed a very compact pyrometer, in which the expansion of the subject under examination was measured by a nonius moving over an arc of a circle; the divisions corresponding to parts of an inch.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 10.—The Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., Pres., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting and recommendatory testimonials of two gentlemen having been read, and Sutton Sharpe, Esq., and Professor Molbeck, of Copenhagen, severally balloted for and elected, the former an ordinary, and the latter an honorary Fellow of the Society, the Secretary read an historical and archaeological account of Hurstmonceaux Castle, and the noble family to whom it belonged for a long series of ages. This was accompanied by two picturesque views of the Castle as it now exists, and was communicated by the Rev. Guy Bryan, A.M., a Fellow of the Society.

The next communication read this evening, was an interesting, and not unamusing, 'History of the true Cross,' by the Lord Viscount Mahon, from its discovery by the Empress Helena, to its disappearance from Paris in the reign of Henry III. of France, who was suspected of having sold it to the Venetians. His predecessor, St. Louis, had purchased it from the Greek Emperor three centuries before, as time and circumstances had diminished its interest with the Constantinopolitans, who had lately acquired the Crown of Thorns, when the Cross returned maimed from a long and perilous exile in Italy and Palestine; to the former country it had gone to be worshipped, and to the latter it had been taken to fight. The history of the Cross was followed by a short account of the Nails; these, it would appear, have vied with the Cross, not only in sanctity, but in the power of vegetating or extending their quantity like the leaves and fishes. If the cross has furnished timber enough to build a line-of-battle ship, as has been asserted, the nails have furnished iron enough to fasten her! Thanks were voted, as usual, to the contributors, and the President left the chair.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 5.—Dr. Stewart in the chair.—The consideration of Mr. Quain's paper was this evening resumed. There was an unusually large and respectable attendance of members. The learned author brought forward some additional cases and arguments to strengthen the theories he advanced on the previous debate. Drs. Copland, Epps, and Granville, with Messrs. Burnett, King, and Chinnock, at some length, supported Mr. Quain's position. The latter gentleman referred particularly to a paper he had the honour, a few sessions since, to read to the Society on this subject, when he advanced opinions very similar to those, in the present dissertation: he especially instanced two remarkable cases in corroboration. He strongly eulogized the author for his able and effective demonstrations, and trusted his scientific investigations would be continued. It was lamented by some members, that in this country no stimulus, no premium was held out by this government, as in France and other countries, for scientific men to pursue examinations like the present, or make experiments for the improvement of medical knowledge. The discussion was full of interest and spirit till the hour of adjournment, when Dr. Granville gave notice that he would, at the next meeting, bring before the Society the extraordinary remarks of Professor Amos, at the London University, in his introductory lecture on Medical Jurisprudence. The Doctor conceived it to be a libel on the medical profession; Dr. Thomson promised to be present to meet the charge. We hope to be able to give our usual epitome of the proceedings on that occasion.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 8.—An examination of the mechanical construction of timber occupied the attention of the Society this evening. The secretary, at the commencement of the lecture, stated that the ultimate object of his inquiries was to furnish data by which the useful qualities of timber might be discovered, rather than enter into merely speculative theories on the nature of vegetation. As the subject could not possibly be comprised in one discourse, he should devote that evening to such preliminary information as he had been enabled to collect, reserving the practical application of his inquiries for a subsequent occasion. Mr. Aikin was enabled to illustrate his lecture by a great variety of specimens, some from the repository of the Society, and others obtained through the kindness of individuals; and among them we noticed a beautiful (if such it may be

called) example of dry rot, in which the fungus accompanying that species of decay was preserved in a most perfect state. Other specimens were shown in which decay had proceeded without any appearance of fungus. How far there is a real difference between dry rot and any other rot, we have some doubts; and it is not quite clear to us, whether the fungus, generally assumed as the cause, may not sometimes be the consequence of the disorder.

Some pieces of wood from the roof of Westminster Hall and other old buildings lay on the table, and proved the durability of oak and chestnut timber; and a singular specimen of wood, apparently cypress, in good preservation, and at least 2000 years old. It formed a cramp in the masonry of an ancient temple, and was brought from Nubia by Mr. Parke. In some fossil woods presented by Mr. Loddige, it was singular to observe the perfect manner in which the mechanical arrangement of fibres was distinctly marked, notwithstanding the conversion of the mass into a siliceous stone.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.	{ Geographical Society Nine, P.M. Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY.	{ Horticultural Society One, P.M. Lancian Society Eight, P.M. Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Royal Society of Literature Three, P.M. Geological Society ½ past 8, P.M. Medico-Botanical Society Eight, P.M. Society of Arts ½ past 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society ½ past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY.	{ Royal Institution ½ past 8, P.M.
SATURD.	{ Royal Asiatic Society Two, P.M. Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

We learn from the *Times*, that a meeting took place on Wednesday of the subscribers to a fund for erecting a monument to John Locke, the author of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' that the fund and its accumulations amount to *£461. 6s. 3d.*, and that it is proposed to erect the monument in the hall of this University.

We regret to hear that Oxford has some thoughts of opposing the charter about to be granted. The exclusive right to confer ecclesiastical degrees, it is proposed, of course, to restrict as at present: beyond this, exclusive privileges are injurious to learning, science, and the country;—and such opposition, when Oxford itself is so crowded that two or three years must elapse before a student can be admitted at all, would be exceedingly impolitic and offensive to the good sense of the whole country. We have our own alma-mater prejudices and prepossessions, and therefore it is that we hope, for honour's sake, that Oxford will be distinguished for liberality and right feeling, and that there is no truth in the report.

The University School has proved so eminently successful, that it is proposed forthwith to raise a fund by subscription, and build a school in the immediate neighbourhood of the University, on a scale sufficiently large to receive a greater number of pupils. The money is to be raised by shares, and the share-holders will have a proportionate abatement in the amount to be paid for the education of their children. The present house was taken as an experiment—and though the school has been so lately opened, the number of pupils on the 1st of February, was equal to the greatest number for which the establishment was originally intended.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

At a general meeting held at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street, on Tuesday, February 1, 1881, William Alexander Mackin-

non, Esq. being in the chair, the Provisional Committee, consisting of the undermentioned gentlemen—Colonel Broughton, Thomas Campbell, Esq., Captain Frederick Chamier, R.N., Alexander Henderson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq., F.R.S., Nicholas A. Vigors, Esq., Sec. Z.S., the Rev. A. S. Wade, D.D., Ralph Watson, Esq., F.R.S., Sir Thomas Yates—made the following report:

The Committee appointed by the meeting held on the 8th January, at the British Coffee House, for the purpose of drawing up a plan of the proposed "Association for the Encouragement of Literature," have now the honour to submit, for the consideration and adoption of the present meeting, the result of their labours, in a set of rules or regulations, which, on the best consideration they have been able to give to the subject, they beg to recommend as the basis on which the Association shall be established:—

That the Association do consist of not less than two hundred members: each to be responsible for the amount of *50*l.**, if required, forming a capital of *10,000*l.**; and that a deposit of ten pounds be paid forthwith on each share, into the hands of Sir George Duckett, Bart., Norland & Co., bankers of the Association; and that as soon as one hundred shares shall be obtained, the Committee be authorized to commence operations.

That the MEANS by which the Association propose to further the object above stated—viz. "the encouragement of literature," shall be, bearing the expense of publishing works of merit, in whatever branch of literature, whose authors may be unable to do so themselves, or to effect agreements elsewhere; or generally, who may be desirous of placing themselves in the hands of the Association.

That in all such undertakings, the Association shall be guided by *three principles*—viz.

- 1st. The disavowal of all personal profit, on the part of its members.
- 2d. The benefit of the author.
- 3d. The prosperity and efficiency of the Association, including reimbursement of the sums advanced by the members.

That with a view to prevent the influence of private or party feeling in the selection of works for publication, such works shall be forwarded to the Committee *without signature*, but distinguished by some motto; which motto shall also be inscribed on the envelope of a sealed letter, accompanying the work, and containing the name and address of the author; which letter shall not be opened, but in the event of a favourable decision upon the work itself, and then in the presence of the Committee; or, in case of the work being rejected, shall be returned, with the manuscript, unopened. It shall, however, be understood, that the knowledge of an author's name by the Committee shall not necessarily involve its being appended to the work, should any motive for its suppression exist, either with the Committee, or the author himself.

That the account of every work published by the Association, shall be made up in six months, or as soon after as may be practicable, from the time of publication; and the proceeds allotted, in conformity with the principles above specified, in the following manner:—

1st. The actual expenses of publication shall be discharged.

2d. Remuneration shall be awarded, and the amount paid, as soon as possible, to the author in the following ratio out of the remaining balance—viz.:
Out of the first 100*l.* 50 per ct.
Out of the second 100*l.* 65 —
Out of the third 100*l.* 75 —
Out of all sums exceeding 300*l.* 100 —

3d. The remainder shall be carried to the account of the Association.

That in case of the Committee being satisfied that a second, or other edition of any work is called for, it shall be published on the same terms; but always with this proviso—viz. that after closing the account of the first, or any subsequent edition, the author shall have the privilege of purchasing back the copyright of his work, at a price to be fixed by the Committee, upon a fair calculation of the proceeds, and with reference to the fixed principles of the Association. In the event of no such privilege being claimed, the copyright to remain with the Association.

That a power shall further be vested in the Committee, when it may appear to them expedient, to advance a sum not exceeding 100*l.* to an author whose work they have determined to publish; such sum to be granted only by a general meeting of the Committee. But it is to be understood that this power is to be exercised with a very sparing hand, and never but in cases of very peculiar urgency.

That no publisher or bookseller shall be eligible to be a member of the Committee of General Management.

These rules and regulations were approved and adopted, and many others were passed, but having reference rather to the management than

the principle of the Association. The Author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' was appointed Honorary Secretary; and another general meeting of the Society was fixed for Monday the 11th, at the British Coffee House, for the purpose of electing a Committee of General Management, and making such other final arrangements as may be necessary.

We are cordial well-wishers to all institutions that have for their object the encouragement of literature, and we think the public greatly indebted to those gentlemen, by whose exertions the present association has been matured. One security the public will have in works published by this Society, that, as no self-interest can influence the committee, the books must in the judgment of intelligent and disinterested men, be serviceable either to literature or to morality, tending either to make men better or wiser; to enlarge their minds or improve their taste. We shall report the progress of the Association, in whose welfare we, in common with so many, feel great interest.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY, PALL-MALL.

[Second Notice.]

Gleaners, WITHERINGTON—minutely laboured. The picture is very small, yet the flowers are made out, so that we can see their botanical characters. The effect of the picture is pretty, and it will be considered clever by the admirers of this style.

The Toilet, NEWTON.—Mr. Newton's accustomed delicacy of feeling, correct taste, and skilful colouring, are altogether wanting in this picture. Instead of 'A heavenly image,' &c., it presents a plain homely face, and is very ill painted.

Amiens; and Storm coming on, Scene from Nature, STANLEY.—The former, a scene for Bonington, or D. Roberts, is well handled. The latter a very excellent little bit of natural scenery, somewhat black, yet good in colour and striking in effect.

The Welsh Coast, Scene across the Bristol Channel, J. J. CHALON.—A very beautiful landscape, poetically treated, and evincing much power of art.

The Pedlar, J. P. KNIGHT.—Of the school of Wilkie, Knight is one of the most successful. There is a strength of character and correctness of action about his homely figures very striking. The composition of this picture is good, and it is painted with great breadth and power.

Landscape, O'CONNOR, certainly ranks equal with the works of the same pretensions by any of the exhibitors in artist-like qualities; and there is a deep dark solitude in this picture which speaks to the heart.

The Wine-Cooler executed by Randall and Bridge for His Majesty George the Fourth; G. LANCE: 6 feet 2 inches high by 7 feet 6 inches wide. Moreover, we have, conspicuous enough, *Fruit, Flowers, &c. &c.*, by this artist, certainly the cleverest of any in still life; indeed, as imitations, they strike us at first as wonderful, until we consider that they are produced by mere labour. It is not necessary to paint so well as Lance to deceive the casual observer, by imitations of fruit, and such like objects. It has been thought the height of praise, to say that birds and animals have been so deceived; but, in fact, neither truth nor any particular minuteness is necessary to do this.

Pallas directing the steps of Ulysses to the Palace of Alcinoüs, P. H. ROGERS.—This is a very Claude-like composition landscape, with some clever painting and thought about it.

The Presepio, T. UWINS—a simple piece of domestic devotion, well composed; but the picture is spoiled by the hot colouring—a fault

very conspicuous in all the pieces by this artist, and generally may be asserted of all the Anglo-Roman school. Surely the air of Italy does not tinge every object, flesh, trees, water, &c., with the yellow-red hue of brickdust.

Departure for Waterloo, R. EDMONSTONE—neither so well painted, nor so true in feeling, as this artist generally produces.

An Old Warrior, INSKIPP—too dingy in colour, uninteresting in subject, and altogether very inferior to *Izaak Walton*.

Captain Macrath, LIVERSIEGE. A truly clever picture, if it could be seen—a strong character, and cleverly painted.

Falstaff's Assignment with Mrs. Ford, G. CLINT.—Mr. Clint renders Shakspeare too theatrically, but he paints with considerable power and breadth. The present is decidedly inferior to his usual attainments.

The Trumpeter—Ware Hare, A. COOPER.—No one can deny accuracy of drawing and spirited action to Mr. Cooper's horses; but he for ever repeats the same idea.

Coast Scene, with Figures, GOOD.—There are several of these. Mr. Good promised better things than he has yet attained to. Hardness of outline, crudeness of colouring, and some mannerism, spoil the good qualities his pictures really possess.

The Affectionate Sisters, J. WOOD, will be admired; for without any great qualities, the group is really very pretty.

An Interior of a Picture Gallery, with Portraits, P. C. WONDER.—Why is this picture admitted, and placed so conspicuously?—all its interest is in the portraits, and we call all who have seen them to witness, they are very indifferent.

Ours is no light task to speak of pictures which really contain nothing to criticise; we must in charity spare those whose own aspect damns. We will conclude the subject next week.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rural Amusements. Sir Thomas Lawrence. John Bromley. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

THIS beautiful work, noticed in the *Athenæum* of Dec. 25, is now published. When, by the engraver's hand, the lovely compositions of Sir Thomas are brought again to our eyes, how deeply do we feel his irreparable loss! Who have we left that can compare with him? In this instance, Mr. Bromley has transferred the beauty of the original to his copper. We have seen no print since the 'Master Lambton', to which, indeed, this is a companion, superior to the present; it represents the two Masters Paterson, leading by the bridle a donkey. Both the heads are remarkable for youthful beauty, and by the rich effect given by the President to the drawing, has enabled the engraver to produce a work which deserves our highest praise. The print may never be so popular as Cousin's 'Master Lambton'; yet it is, in truth, hardly inferior to it. We might object to the drawing of parts of the figures, were we over critical; but its beauty on the whole is too great to allow us to cavil at small imperfections.

The Bride. Leslie; engraved by Thompson. Moon, Boys & Graves.

THIS print does credit to all concerned; painter, engraver, and proprietor, and honour to English art. The Bride, imperfectly known by a favourite print in the Keepsake, is here re-published on a more suitable scale. The character, the air and bearing of the figure, the form, are all truly and beautifully English. Pensive thought, and a sweet absorbing feeling, are admirably embodied; we cannot imagine a heart insensible to so much grace and loveliness. Would that our painters would go on, and in this spirit give permanence to, and shed the

light of fancy on, the characteristic refinement and cultivated minds of our countrywomen.

The engraving is also beautiful—not faultless.

Portrait of King William the Fourth. Engraved by C. Lewis, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary engravings we have ever seen. We well knew Mr. Lewis's extreme accuracy and inimitable skill in imitating drawings; but this work is more a facsimile than we should have thought possible. We need not, after this, enlarge on its merit. Whoever delights in a drawing by the late President, or a portrait of our popular King, will possess themselves of this work.

Sir T. Munro, late Governor-General of Madras. Sir M. A. Shee. Mezzotinted by Cousins.

WE have seldom seen so much talent in an engraving of the kind. We do not at all admire the figure, and decidedly dislike the composition—but for these the painter is responsible.

Ménagerie Royale. London, C. Tilt.

A collection of twenty-four of the best caricatures which have delighted the Parisians since the revolution in July. The French have not been successful hitherto in this entertaining branch of art; and they attribute it to the severity of the law and the police. Now they have liberty enough, let us hope for a Rowlandson or a Cruikshank. There is an abundant crop of pleasantries to be gathered by genius in every street in Paris. Some in this collection have a good deal of merit, but few have any fun—any broad intelligible joke, at which people laugh, and cry "What nonsense!" 'Cruche' is one of the best;—the double meaning of the word, *pitcher* and *idiot*, is represented by a pitcher with a crack in it, which preserves a good likeness of Charles. The illustration of the burden of one of Béranger's popular songs is also good—many, indeed, are good, and therefore we should rather have said humorous.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Edwin Landseer is elected Royal Academician.

MUSIC

ITALIAN OPERA.—KING'S THEATRE.

"Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it," says the English opium-eater in his Confessions. The music, however, which could "raise a mortal to the skies," or "draw an angel down," is very difficult to classify respectively under the above heads. To be sublimated by the "concord of sweet sounds" into a paradise, would, no doubt, be a celestial intellectual treat; but then to be brought down again, like the angels of old, by the songs (as we may suppose) of the maidens of Judaea, surely there is nothing very intellectual in that. Each case, according to Mr. De Quincy, is accounted for simply by temperament on the part of the hearer: but no!—Fashion is everything. There are hundreds of musicians who believe they love music, and yet have no more perception of it on the score of temperament—that is, their own temperament—than a sun-dial at midnight has of noon-day! And yet, how often does the convention of such personal and mental fallacies lead to the enjoyment and gratification of the few who "have music in their souls," by instituting harmonic societies, meetings, &c., at which banquets, the guests generally, or almost always, are the only and true enjoyers!

"Every kind of music (says Aristotle) is good for some purpose or other; that of the theatres is necessary for the amusement of the

mob; the theatrical transitions, and the *tandry* and *glaring melodies* in use there are suited to the perversion of their minds and manners; and let them enjoy them."

This passage startled us over our coffee; but having, in a trice, resolved to put the old philosopher to a test, we rang for the play-bills of the week, and found the Opera had commenced! We went accordingly.

The opera selected for the occasion was our old and pleasant friend, 'Il Barbiere,' the chef-d'œuvre of Rossini's peculiar style. A Madame Sigl Vesperrman—not the Madame Vesperrman a great singer (who, we regret to learn, was killed by an accident)—made her *début* in the part of *Rosina*, and, we must say, was a total failure. It is true, the lady pleaded illness, but except in cases of extreme suffering, why should taste, feeling, or conception of the author's music be lost with physical power? We have heard Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, and "though last not least," Paton, sing under the influence of colds, coughs, and *sensibilities*, but still they were *artistes*, and frequently evinced more genius, polish, and expression in their weakness, than even in their strength. Madame Vesperrman's voice is "un *fillet de voir*," or indeed we might say, "un *fillet de rinaigre*"—it can soar with facility beyond the heights of true vocalism, but all is weak, shrill, and unpleasant. Her person is *gentile*, but her acting fidgety and unmeaning. The second novelty of the evening was our favourite De Begnis, who, we rejoice to find, is once more before us, with his buffo phiz and easy familiar style. The part of *Dr. Bartolo*, however, did not suit him perfectly well, but we anticipate that, in the course of the season, we shall have some delicious treats between him and Lablache. By the way, the "gros de Naples" pleased us mightily in the *Barber*; he was a little indisposed, but nevertheless played and sang with great point and spirit. Curioni was more than à l'ordinaire respectable, and in good voice. Some mutilation of the first act of the opera was attempted, and partially effected, which we cannot account for. Horace's censure on the "vitium" common to "omnibus cantori-bus," we may suppose, could be applied forcibly in this instance. How, in the name of true and unostentatious talent, has M. Laporte lost Blasis slip through his fingers! She is worth a host of pretenders. One word more upon the vocal department, and we are sorry that it must be severe, for truth's sake. Miss Fanny Ayton sang a verse of the national anthem with a contempt for time, tune and expression, which defies our powers of description. We recommend the lovers of novelty to hear her. She literally soured Lablache's good-humoured countenance.

In the Ballet department some extremely clever dancing was exhibited;—when we say clever, we mean adroit, active. John Kemble was once asked what he thought of a young actor who had just appeared; on which he slowly replied—"He's very tall"—a similar reply may be given to any one inquiring the merits of M. Paul and his sister Madame Montessu; they can jump very high, and have an amazing command of legs. As to *male* dancing, we confess we are not much pleased by it; there is a kind of *soprano-ship* about it, which, in some degree, disgusts. But Taglioni (who, we rejoice to learn, is coming to us) has spoiled our taste for everybody else. We must, however, state that M. Paul and Madame Montessu are accomplished dancers, as far as regards the attainment of facility in their art, but they have not "snatch'd a grace beyond the reach" of it. In *La Sonnambule*, particularly in the pantomimic parts, we could not help thinking of Pauline Leroux: she could not dance like Madame Montessu—but her last scene was most powerfully impressive and tender.

The house, considering it was the opening

night, was respectably attended, though not brilliant in its appearance, as *dress* is an *obsolete* usage now at the opera.

Tuesday night's performance.—The same entertainments were repeated on this night, without any change, save the substitution of Miss Ayton in *Rosina*, for Madame Vesperman, who still continues to be indisposed. The opera certainly went off better than on the opening night. Lablache never sang or acted with more effect, particularly in the letter-scene with *Rosina*, and De Begnis seemed to be pleased that he was making a new character of *Old Bartolo*. As to Miss Ayton's *Rosina*-performance, and style in general, we beg to remind her of Grassini's test-question to a singer—"Your *roulading* may be very clever; but can you sing six notes in tune, and with expression?" When will the gingerbread and gold-lace fashion be given up by all singers? We fear—never!

In the *Divertissement* and Ballet, Madame Montessu danced with more ease and grace than before, and her brother M. Paul, it appeared, with more *caution*. The second-rate debutantes of this season are first-rate in their way.

Gentle Orchestra! one word now to thee before we leave: pray let your component parts have one unique idea of the *pitch* thou wouldst play in. The violins, especially, often are at from an eighth to the quarter of a tone asunder, in what should be unison; and this arises from a variety of opinions respecting the temperament of the scale. But of this enough at present.—We were glad to see so good a house; the season promises well, and we wish our entrepreneur success.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

And can you thrs beguile? A Ballad: the words by C. Dance; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by John Goss. Cramer & Co.

We seem to recollect the air of this very pretty ballad; but the arrangement does great credit to Mr. Goss. It cannot fail to be a general favourite.

No. 1. *Duet for two Performers on the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Harp, founded upon the following Swiss Melodies, viz. The Swiss Hunter's Welcome Home—The Tyrolese Peasant's Song—The Chimes of Zurich—and Toi qui connais les Hussards de la Garde.* Arranged for, and dedicated to, the Misses Adelaide and Fanny Campbell, by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew & Co.

A selection of pleasing melodies, strung together in a very familiar manner; and although the harp part is *ad libitum*, when added, the whole forms an acceptable trio for three sisters or friends. By an advertisement at the bottom of the title, it appears that "this is offered as the first of twelve duets (or trios), to be arranged upon characteristic and national airs, in a similar manner."

O men, what silly things you are! The celebrated Cavatina, sung by Miss Cawse, at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, in the popular Operetta called 'The Deuce is in Her.' Written by R. J. Raymond; composed and published by J. Barnett.

An excellent little dramatic bagatelle, but not very original. The ascending *natural* in the second bar of the introductory symphony, and the corresponding descending *flat* in the sixth bar, not only *sounds*, but *looks* so like Auber's triumphant Masaniello March in *E flat*, that the plagiarism is almost too apparent. The absence of the *natural*—the major mediant—(the vowel of the chord, as ingeniously and emphatically so denominated by Logier)—in the harmony of *G* with the *flat* seventh, in the seventh bar of the song, is to be regretted; and surprises us.

The Exclusives: A Song; written and composed by a Young Lady "in very good Society." Chap-pell.

A comic bagatelle, written to a lively air, resembling the "White Cockade,"—a desirable little sketch for a "right merrie partie."

THEATRICALS

COVENT-GARDEN.

We had hoped to have entered fully this week into a second notice of the opera called 'The Romance of a Day,' and of the manner in which Mr. Bishop and Mr. Planché, as authors of the music and poetry, have been sneered at by the unmusical and unpoetical part of the press. We are, however, pinched for room by a press of another kind, and must compress. We have known many persons of different professions who, from some strange perversity passed on in some unaccountable manner from critic to critic, have started in public life with scarcely any merit being allowed them by the press, who have continued to work their way upwards by dint of their own exertions solely, and who have ultimately arrived at the top of their several hills, dragging at their heels those tardily-expressed newspaper praises which ought to have preceded and cheered them on their toilsome way. This is partly owing to the work being too frequently performed by those who have no real feeling for the arts they affect to criticise, and partly to the dearth of persons who dare to think for themselves. We shall instance Mr. Charles Kemble as an actor, Mr. Bishop as a composer, and Mr. Planché as a dramatic writer. Mr. Kemble is, whether we look to his person, his mind, or his performance, beyond question, the best actor of genteel comedy that we have ever seen—probably that the world ever saw; and he moreover remains unapproached in many characters in tragedy, particularly, be it remarked, in Shakspeare. Mr. Bishop is, equally beyond compare, the first English theatrical composer, and one of whom, were he a native of any other civilized country, his nation, as a nation, would be justly proud; and Mr. Planché is the most universally and extensively successful dramatic writer extant. Yet have neither of these gentlemen ever had full justice done them in their progress; and the most they generally get, even now, in the notice of a new part, a new composition, or a new piece, is, that "it is not likely to add to their high reputation,"—which high reputation, be it remembered, has rarely, except by this sort of side-wind, been allowed them. This silly phrase, so commonly used, contradicts itself. If that which is done do not detract from previous reputation, it must add to it, unless it can be proved that a larger quantum of good is not preferable to a lesser. But we must conclude—and we shall do so by extracting a song of Mr. Planché's, the abuse of which, in the *Morning Chronicle*, led us to the above remarks. The critic makes a great fuss about the absurdity of marrying a bird to a flower—we shall leave our readers to judge for themselves, only begging them to remember—that we wonder so sleepy a critic did not, namely—that it is a *dream*.

I dream'd the rose was married to the bird it loves so well;

They had built a leafy bow'r in a deep romantic dell;
To the nuptial-banquet hurried ev'ry warbler wild and gay.

And bud and blossom crowded round in beautiful array;

The vale-born lily prank'd herself in all her bridal snows,

And rang her silver bells to hail the marriage of the rose!

But scarcely o'er the wedded pair a summer moon had pass'd,

When the nightingale had vanish'd, and the rose was fading fast!

And whisper'd ev'ry busy leaf, and twitter'd ev'ry bird:

"What could the silly flow'r have hoped from union so absurd!"

She scorn'd the fondest woodbine that ever breath'd a sigh,

And link'd her fate to a winged mate that leaves her now to die!"

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We forget whether or not the internal form of this theatre has been changed from what it was—it might, however, most advantageously be changed from what it is. It is a bad, because a good imitation of the late English Opera House. The spaces, in height, between the pit and the lower boxes, and between the lower and upper, are too great; and the consequence is, that the heads of those in the latter are almost in contact with the ceiling. The said ceiling is a dead flat, painted, we should say, from its ugliness, by a live one. There is thus a comparatively cold air about the lower boxes, and a positively hot in the upper. The decorations too, although not in bad taste, are badly put on—they are set on the bare flesh-coloured panncels, without anything underneath to set them off—and give one the idea of a man with a handsome coat, waistcoat and trowsers, but no shirt. We have but little more in the way of grumbling to add, and even with regard to the points complained of, it ought in justice to be remembered, that they are mere matters of taste—that many people and papers take a more favourable view of them than we have done—and that at all events the house is thoroughly repaired and thoroughly clean.

We come so late on this occasion with a notice of the performances, which have not up to this time been changed, that we shall only slightly mention the pieces, and proceed to the acting. The first is called 'Galatea,' and is an operatic arrangement of Gay's celebrated serenata, with Handel's still more celebrated music. We do not know who has dramatized it, but it is more than tolerably done; and when the difficulties of making a piece light enough for the stage, and yet heavy enough to bear Handel's music, are considered, we think it only just to accord the adapter considerable praise. For speeches of quaint, dry, and seemingly almost unconscious humour, no actress now on the stage can excel Mrs. Humby, and the author has contrived to fit her to a nicety. Mr. Bennett is a promising young man, with a very delightful voice, but in speaking, whether by design or accident we know not, a close imitator of Braham. For singing he can take no better model—but for acting, although we have seen Mr. Braham play some parts extremely well, we think he may have a better—certainly a *higher*. Of Mr. E. Seguin we have to speak in terms of unqualified praise. He is a great acquisition to this theatre, and will, we are convinced, prove so to the English stage. The fine manly tones of his splendid bass voice are heard to the utmost advantage in the songs of the monster *Polypheme*—and the appropriateness of his melo-dramatic action would not have disgraced Mr. T. P. Cooke or Mr. O. Smith. He is in the right road—let him continue in it with care and exertion, and his fortune is made. Mr. J. Russell is too well known to need our commendation; but we may just remark, that where good comic acting, and careful clever singing, either for a solo or a concerted piece, are wanted in conjunction, he is very valuable. Of Miss Vernon, pupil of Signor Velluti, we have nothing to say, except that her name may with great propriety be taken out of the large posting bills we see about town. If she be a star, she is too small to be visible, as such, with our opera-glass. If anything could add to our pain in being obliged to say this, it is the having to be so uncivil to so pretty a girl. 'Three to One,' and 'Everybody's Husband,' are pleasant, but indifferently-written one-act mole-hills, made mountains by Mrs. Glover; she is admirable in both. Mr. Green, if not a first violin in comedy, is at least an excellent "principal second"; and Mr. Forrester got so far into our good graces, that we shall be happy to hear him "sound his cheerful horn" again. The music of 'Three to

One,' by Mr. Grattan Cooke, has considerable merit, particularly a very pretty song which is put to an *untimely* death by a Miss Ayres. As many more airs as you please, Mr. Cooke, but they must be spelt with an *i*, we won't say *y*.

We wish this new concern every success—all cannot be right at first anywhere. Much praiseworthy exertion has been used, and a large capital expended, and we trust the public will do their part, by attending and remunerating the proprietors for their spirited speculation.

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET.

We have only room to congratulate the French play-going part of the public on the arrival of Mons. Bouffé, and to thank the managers for engaging him. We saw him in two parts of a very opposite nature on Monday, and may safely pronounce him a most admirable artist. The house was better attended than we have seen it before; and we shall be much mistaken if it do not fill every night of Mons. Bouffé's performances. We hardly knew whether we ought most to admire the excellence of his acting, or the extreme modesty of his demeanour, when he was forced on to receive the renewed and rapturous applause of the audience. We lament to observe that he is only engaged for twelve nights.

MISCELLANEA

Steam-Boats.—Of the many attempts that have been lately made to prevent the loss of power arising from the oblique position of the paddles when entering and leaving the water, none seem to have succeeded in practice, at least on the sea; neither is it likely that any contrivance which requires the paddle-wheels to consist of moveable parts, will be practicable; for, should the machinery of such a wheel be damaged or out of order, it is impossible to get at it in any but the calmest weather. While ingenious projectors were thus at work to remedy an evil by difficult means, it appears to have occurred to some one, that increased speed might be obtained by an easier process than altering the wheels, and that by increasing the length of the vessel, retaining the same machinery, an advantage scarcely to have been anticipated was the result. One of the Margate steamers was lengthened last year, and performed the voyage, *ceteris paribus*, in half an hour less time than she had done before; and at present, several steamers are undergoing the same process.

The Northern Agrippina.—It was some time since announced in the papers, that a female monster had, after years of investigation into her crimes before the criminal court at Bremen, been condemned to lose her head. A correspondent in that town observes, "that her case presents the most unprecedented riddle on record. Though the offender stands accused with the poisoning of both her parents, three children, one brother, two husbands, one sutor, two pregnant women, friends male and female, helpless children, and domestic companions; though accused of adultery, false-witnessing, perjury, theft, calumny, and swindling, she seems endowed with a singular mildness of temper, appears to possess a decided inclination to kind and benevolent acts, and betrays outward susceptibility for what is noble and generous." The name of this extraordinary and wretched being is Gesina Gottfried.

Philosophic Emotion.—Gibbon, in his memoirs, relates, that he was present at the delivery of Sheridan's speech on Warren Hastings' trial, and that, in common with all others who heard that masterpiece of modern eloquence, he was deeply affected. He adds, that he, moreover, experienced from it a personal gratification as delightful as it was unexpected, for the orator, in

the course of his speech, referred to the 'History of the Decline and Fall' in terms of flattering commendation. The conclusion of his anecdote enables us to judge of the effect of strong excitement upon the philosophical temperament, for he tells us that, "when the speech was ended, I took the opportunity of inquiring of a reporter, who sat in the same box, what number of words he supposed a fluent orator commonly uttered in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking—when the reporter informed me, that he reckoned it at somewhere between 7000 and 7500; this," adds Gibbon, "gives an average of about 7200 per hour, being at the rate of 120 a minute."

Cherokees.—A proposition having recently been made to remove this tribe to the west of the Mississippi, the following from the *Gazetteer* of Georgia may be interesting:—"Within the last twenty years, the Cherokees have rapidly advanced towards civilization. They now live in comfortable houses, chiefly in villages, and cultivate large farms. They raise large herds of cattle, which they sell for beef to the inhabitants of neighbouring states. Many mechanical arts have been introduced among them. They have carpenters and blacksmiths; and many of the women spin and weave, and make butter and cheese. The population, instead of decreasing, as is the case generally with tribes surrounded by the whites, increases very rapidly. There are now 13,563 natives in the nation; 147 white men and 73 white women, who have intermarried with them. They own 1277 slaves. Total, 15,060 souls. Increase in the last six years, 3,563.

Dr. Askew.—*The Gold-headed Cane.*—The widow of Sir Lucas Pepys, bart., has lately presented to the Royal College, a whole length model of Dr. Askew, taken by one Chequa, a Chinese. Lady Pepys was the daughter of Dr. Askew, to whom the gold-headed cane was bequeathed by Dr. Mead. The figure is formed of unbaked potter's clay, and is about twelve inches in height. He is represented in his robes, seated upon a rock, and in his hand the celebrated cane. The model is altogether pleasing, and executed with the usual character and fidelity of the Chinese.

In the extensive fisheries of the St. Lawrence and Newfoundland, *cod* only are allowed to be fish—all others of the finny tribe being called only by their respective names.

A Literary and Philosophical Society is about to be established at Chichester, and many influential names are already enrolled.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 3/	39 34	28.95	S.E.	Rain.
Fr. 4/	41 32	28.58	W. high.	Rain A.M.
Sat. 5/	42 25	29.20	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 6/	45 33	29.61	S.E.	Sleet P.M.
Mon. 7/	54 45	29.30	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 8/	56.5 52	29.68	S.W.	Rain.
Wed. 9/	61 48	29.76	S.W.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Nights and mornings for the greater part moist or rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 43°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in apogæon on Friday, 19th.
Mercury stationary on Monday.
Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 2° 5' in Pisces.
Saturn's — — — 29° 8' in Leo.
Sun's — — — 29° 3' in Aquarius.
Length of day on Wed. 9h. 30m.; increased, 1h. 46m.
Sun's horary motion 2° 31'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99121.

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